

*The Australian*

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# WOMEN'S

# WEEKLY

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PRICE



HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR READERS





DECEMBER 29, 1954

Vol. 22, No. 31

## IT'S MORE THAN PLUM PUDDING

PRACTICALLY any schoolboy can tell you that the celebration of December 25 goes back long before Christianity.

He knows that, almost since the beginning of time, December, the winter solstice of the northern hemisphere, has been a time of celebration.

To our pagan ancestors, Egyptians, Romans, Vikings, it meant the approach of spring, bringing life back to the frozen earth.

With the stirring of the earth, ancient man felt a stirring within himself—a need to celebrate the re-birth.

The Egyptian made sacrifices to the sacred tree of his bloodthirsty sun god. The Roman danced and feasted. The Viking quaffed horns of steaming wassail and gorged himself on plum pudding.

But it wasn't enough. Man, because he was man, craved something more.

Then came a Man who offered something more. He offered a teaching which

embraced the greatest of all re-births—the re-birth of man's spirit.

He offered a happiness and a hope much more permanent than the happiness that came from plum pudding.

And for almost 2000 years millions have followed His star because within it lies a fundamental human need—the need for the lasting happiness that can come only from the spirit.

That is why Christmas is so different from the winter solstice celebrations of the pagans. The tree, the plum pudding, and the feasting are still here.

But underlying the merriment is the guiding star of the Man of Bethlehem—the concept of truth and goodness without which there is no real human happiness.

## Letters from our Readers

## Our cover:

● We rubbed our eyes one morning as we saw a fluffy little kangaroo in the Editor's ante-room. But it was still there, hopping about, when we finished rubbing. The little creature was 15-months-old Fitzina, our Christmas cover girl. On page 16 is the story of her life. Clive Thompson took the cover picture.

## This week:

● Once the children get their hands on this paper, parents will be playing the Road Safety Game in no time. Mother will be required to supply cardboard, scissors, and paste to mount the game, which is printed on page 37. When this small chore is completed, dice, an egg-cup from which to throw it, and colored buttons or counters complete the equipment.

The game is similar to snakes and ladders. Players should throw six before starting out from the "school" to wend their way home through the "traffic."

The game is our contribution to the Road Safety Campaign, and we hope it will help to keep traffic rules in the front of the young

minds now brimful of Christmas and holiday fun.

● On page 40 are Christmas decorations in color, arranged in the modern manner by Margaret Davis. The whole family can have fun copying these or thinking up similar ones from materials at hand. Such unlikely articles as wire, whitewash, rope, and egg-shells can be used, and, of course, glass balls, tinsel, and evergreen if available.

## Next week:

● Now is the time when all good cooks cast aside their aprons for sunsuits, but, being good cooks, they still turn on nourishing and appetising meals for the family. In the cause of making good cooks even better cooks, our January 5 special cookery section of five pages is crammed with recipes that will bring whoops of delight from their families.

● Georgina Swift presents Dame Pattie Menzies, wife of the Prime Minister, as a Woman of Interest... and of very wide interests. Dame Pattie has reigned as chateleine of The Lodge, Canberra, longer than any other Prime Minister's wife, and her husband's record term of office is due in a degree to her unfailing co-operation in his public duties and her care for him in their home.

● Our Homes Service plans end with a beautiful modern home in Texas. Color pictures show the exterior and interiors, including the furnishings, and a floor plan gives the location of the rooms. Plans of all ten houses in the series will then be available.

## Family Affairs

● Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week in future we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

I HAVE been very worried about my eldest son, Bill. He was born while his father was in the Army, and didn't see his father until he was over two years old. He has always been a problem child compared with my other three—Steve (8), Wendy (6), and Jane, who is 11 months old—and I put this down to the lack of "father interest" when he was tiny. To be quite frank, my husband has never been able to take the interest in Bill that he has in the other children, in whose upbringing he was actively concerned from birth.

Of course, Steve has realised that he is favorite with Dad and has become a most dominant personality in our family, while Bill has become more and more withdrawn—in fact, anti-social.

I couldn't see for a long time how to solve this problem—and build Bill up into the personality he should be. But after a lot of thought I was successful.

When Jane was 10 months old I asked Bill's permission to put her cot in his room, as he was the member of the family in whom my husband and I had most trust.

He agreed, and I moved Steve, who had previously shared his room, into our dining-room.

Eating in the kitchen is the only price we have had to pay as a family for the arrangement, and it has worked wonderfully. Bill is a different boy. He feels he plays an important part in the family responsibilities. He has become more sociable and his father has taken a much greater interest in him.

£1/1/- to Mrs. W. Thompson, Fairfield, Vic.

WITH so many concrete footpaths and roads, glare becomes very trying on the eyes. I think it would be a great boon to all if these concrete surfaces were made glare-proof by the addition of coloring matter such as red or green oxide. Wearing a shady hat is of little use when the glare strikes upwards and some sun-glasses, we are told, are detrimental to the eyes. By using coloring in the concrete, the sight of many young Australians will be preserved and the color would add an attractive touch to our suburbs and towns.

10/6 to (Miss) M. A. Nixon, Fairfield, Qld.

DOES smoking shorten people's lives? (Let's hope so, at any rate). In these days when joy is increasingly taken out of my life by the ubiquitous and inconsiderate puff fiends, have been comforting myself with the thought that soon they will all be dead. We non-smokers get tobacco with our transportation, tobacco with our meals and our entertainment. Smoke gets in our eyes, our throats and our ears, in our clothes and especially in our hair. Non-smokers? Wait a minute. Am I a non-smoker? At the active end of other people's cigarettes, I get more smoke than they do—perhaps it is my life that is being shortened.

10/6 to (Mrs.) W. Smith, Prahran, Vic.

WE frequently hear of sportsmen being urged to retire in order to give younger men a chance. Surely this principle could also be applied to politicians. Many old parliamentarians, their minds filled with jealousies of the past, could well stand down and leave their electorates open to clear-headed young men if Australia is to make the greatest possible progress.

10/6 to (Mr.) P. Robins, 10 Stuart Road, Dulwich, S.A.

WHY is it that so many women let themselves go to wrack and ruin the minute they are married? Surely it doesn't take much effort to slip on a clean dress, run a comb through their hair and put on a little fresh lipstick when their husbands are due home. Let's keep a little romance in the world.

10/6 to "Feminine Idealist," Queanbeyan, N.S.W.

NEIGHBORS often object to young children playing and making a noise. They never think that the noise made by noisy pets is just as irritating. A couple in our street own a yapping pekingese dog and a screeching cockatoo which nearly drives us mad, but they are not backward about complaining about our children's occasionally noisy game.

10/6 to L.O., Rockhampton, Q.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every letter published on this page.

HEADSQUARES, though perhaps convenient and in a few cases, attractive, strike me as the sloppiest form of women's wear introduced during the century. Why not substitute the "coif," the type of headgear once worn by Saxon and Norman ladies? A coif is all in one piece and, unlike the uniform headsquare, gives a woman scope for variety of style. In winter it would cover the neck as well as the head; in summer it could be worn loose, shading the wearer from the sun.

10/6 to John Dunn, Glen Iris, Vic.

THE more one listens to parliamentary broadcasts, the more one realises how essential it is that we should have a chair of politics at our Universities for young men who wish to enter politics. A doctor has to study for six years, a solicitor the same, in fact all professional work is preceded by years of study. Despite this, we vote for and allow men to govern us who as a general rule have no experience and little or no education. It should be mandatory that people who stand for election are drawn from the ranks of students studying the political course at the university. Then perhaps we would get justice and help. These specially chosen men would be statesmen and not just politicians. There is a vast difference—a politician is a man who thinks of the next election, but a statesman is a man who thinks of the next generation.

10/6 to (Mrs.) M. Petters, New Farm, Q.

CASES recently of sadly neglected babies are a pointer to a missing link in teenage education. Somewhere between primary school and marriage, some very definite instruction in child care should be given to every member of the community. Legislation should be brought down to see that every person takes the course compulsorily.

10/6 to (Mrs.) B. R. Clarke, Renmark, S.A.

## "Aussie" Look

WE were amused by Mrs. J. V. Fullerton's remark "vive the Aussie Look" (The Australian Women's Weekly, 24/11/54), in her letter in which she also advocated downing Dior. Just what do you women call the "Aussie Look?" We've never heard of an Australian designer who has made the headlines as Dior and his colleagues do, or whose showings have been read of by fluttering

## THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I HAVE attended four weddings in the past three months, and at each one the minister has given the customary "words of counsel" to the couple. I have observed with utter disgust that, in all cases, the minister has exhorted the bride to be "always very bright and cheerful—especially when your husband returns home at the end of the day, tired with his day's work." This is a very one-sided idea. Why does not some minister stress the need for the husband always going home in a bright and happy state of mind, no matter what kind of a day he has had. Far too many husbands go home to their wives not "in good spirits" but suffering from the effects of some other kind of spirits.

£1/1/- to "Not a Man Hater" (name supplied), Glen Iris, Vic.

females the world over. Who made you wear the "New Look," the "nipped-in waist," the "bouffant" skirt and what-have-you? Sorry, ladies, but you'll have to change your war cry or go down without a struggle.

10/6 to "Two bewildered bachelors" (name supplied), Townsville, Q.

I AGREE with Mrs. Fullerton about downing Dior, but is a mass revolt really necessary? If everyone hates the H look, why wear it? Surely we can choose our own clothes, not just follow the dictatorship of designers such as Dior. If we like a style they design, well let us buy it. On the other hand, there is no need to wear a fashion we consider ridiculous and outrageous. Women are apparently proud of their independence, yet millions follow fashions as if they were a lot of sheep.

10/6 to Jag (name supplied), Toowoomba, Q.

IT is really pathetic to hear so many protests about the H line. But there is no need to get together about it as Mrs. Fullerton suggests. Everyone should wear what she feels and knows suits her, makes her happy and gives her individuality.

10/6 to (Mrs.) B. Salter, West Pennant Hills, N.S.W.





# The star that was ours

BY H. GORDON GREEN

**D**O you remember, Dorothy, that first Christmas Eve we went carolling?

The year we were only seven and our village was the whole world? Do you remember how happy we were as we trudged hand in hand down to Mr. Mercer's school to get ready?

How the flickering candles of the Christmas trees winked at us from every window?

How someone cried "Merry Christmas!" every time a door opened?

Do you remember how the snow lay thick on the elm tree in front of old man Chapman's place and away up at the top there was a big star we thought might be the Bethlehem Star?

I was dressed in a green velvet tailcoat and a stovepipe hat made of an oatmeal box covered with satin. Mother had been sewing all the week to get my costume ready, and I felt a little mean about it because I knew your mother could afford neither the money for velvet nor the time for sewing.

Your outfit was a feathered hat from the attic and the tasselled old red runner from the organ made into a cape. But you were very pretty, Dorothy.

"Your costume is cuter than mine," I told you. I knew it was a lie, but it was the kind of lie my dad told and I didn't feel guilty.

And when we got to the school Rossie Arnett was there

ahead of us, all dressed up like a little lord. His outfit was even better than mine.

"Sissy!" I hissed in your ear, and you put your hand beside your mouth and said, "Not nearly as nice as yours, Eddie."

Rossie's face was shining like a pale little moon. It was for you he shone, of course — he didn't even see me. "I've got a present for you, Dorothy," he chirped. "It's a little violin you can really play. I'm going to give it to you when we go up our street to sing."

You had nothing to say behind your hand this time. You said, "Oh, thank you, Rossie! Oh, that will be wonderful!" And I was so mad.

Then I thought, I've got a present, too, and just wait till she sees it! But I didn't go around blabbing about it ahead of time.

Before long we were following Mr. Mercer down the street and stopping at each corner to sing a carol. The houses sleeping behind the hedges suddenly stirred, the old people shoving back the curtains and middle-aged ones peering through opened doors and the very young ones tumbling down the porch steps.

Mr. Mercer announced that you, Dorothy Ainsley, would now sing a solo. He blew on his little flute, bent the air with his wand. You sang Silent Night, Holy Night.

And all at once the people around the square stopped

"As long as our star shines for us I'll always love you, Eddie," you murmured to me that Christmas Eve I'll always remember.

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It was the most extraordinary hotel my Uncle Charles had ever visited—An unusual and entertaining story by . . .

**NIGEL BALCHIN**

ILLUSTRATED BY BECK

# MINE HOST

**T**HROUGHOUT the latter part of his life, my Uncle Charles, having plenty of time to spare and little money, was a frequent guest of a wide range of more or less unwilling friends. His technical skill in getting himself invited for a week-end surpassed that of anyone else I have ever seen.

How many times I have heard some poor wretch, little knowing the man with whom he had to deal, say something noncommittal like, "We must meet again," or "You must come down and see us some time." And with what silky, inescapable, and merciless skill such careless and mannerless talk would be developed into a definite invitation for a definite date!

But if it was the easiest thing in the world to find oneself driving my Uncle Charles to one's house from the station, it was equally difficult to find oneself driving him in the opposite direction. His idea of a week-end was to arrive in time for dinner on Thursday, and to leave after luncheon on Tuesday.

This was if all went well. But if one made one slight, technical error—if, say, the house was too pleasantly warm, the food and drink slightly too good, or the audience too available or appreciative, there was always the danger that Uncle Charles would take root; and thereafter nothing short of a disastrous fire or an outbreak of bubonic plague would shift him.

It was, I think, in the autumn of 1937 that he paid me a visit at my house in Cornwall. It was originally for a week-end, but I was hopelessly outmanoeuvred, and in the end, ten days later, I was forced to discover urgent business in London in order to bring the visit to an end.

For some reason, which I cannot now remember, I decided to drive to town. Possibly I feared that if we trusted to a train my Uncle Charles would contrive to miss it. But in the event, we set off by car at nine o'clock one morning, ran into fog on the moors, and found ourselves, by dinner-time, still a hundred and fifty densely foggy miles from London.

There was nothing for it but to stay the night; and by ten o'clock we were sitting rather morosely before an inadequate fire in a curiously bare little room that our country hotel called its "Smoking Room." My Uncle Charles, who had been unusually silent, said: "I shall shortly go to bed."

I was very tired from driving under difficult conditions, and I sat up with alacrity. My Uncle Charles waved me back into my place. "Shortly," he said. "As soon, in fact, as I have drunk a nightcap. If we were to order it now, it will presumably arrive in half an hour's time. Reckon that it will take us a quarter of an hour to drink it at our leisure, which leaves us three-quarters of an hour or so in which to ruminate of the peculiarities of the English hotel."

"The extreme badness of the average English hotel," said my Uncle Charles, "though one of the few subjects on which there appears to be international unanimity, has never worried me much. Except for odd nights like this, I do not stay in hotels, preferring the friendliness and economy of some domestic fire-side. It is strange, therefore, that

one of the few hotels in which I ever stayed for more than a few hours should have been not only good but perhaps almost too good.

"The place was in the West Country—in fact, we passed within twenty miles of it this afternoon. I came to stay at it because of one of those stupid misunderstandings by which one arrives at a family's house only to find that a pack of children have come home from school, and that every nook and cranny is full of them.

"I must confess that I was annoyed when my friend, after a barely adequate apology, told me that he had booked a room for me at a small country hotel nearby called the Honor Bound. He said: 'I'm afraid I don't know what it's like. A new chap took it over not long ago, and I haven't been there since. But it's rather a charming old place.'

"I replied rather coldly that it was not difficult to guess the nature of a country hotel called the Honor Bound. But as my friend, or perhaps I should say my acquaintance, seemed preoccupied with his own affairs to the point of rudeness, there was nothing else to do but to go in search of the place.

"From the outside it confirmed my worst fears. I assume that it had originally been a small 17th-century farmhouse. But all the barns and other surrounding buildings appeared to have been converted into living accommodation. Even so, as I found out later, it had only half a dozen letting rooms. It was, in short, the sort of arty, antique conversion in which one expects to eat a bad tea off a rocky table in a heavily beamed room which appears to be refrigerated.

"There was no normal hotel entrance, nor any indication of where one entered, and I spent some time walking round the courtyard, tentatively pushing likely looking doors. But eventually I heard a certain amount of noise and laughter from one room, and knocked at the door nearest to it.

"After a short pause it was opened by a rather striking figure. He was a man of about forty, immensely tall and very thin, with a small toothbrush moustache and old-fashioned steel-rimmed glasses. He was wearing a sort of battle jacket with his trousers. He had a thin, emaciated, eager face with wide staring eyes and a beaming smile, and my first impression was that he was slightly drunk.

"I told him my name and he immediately let out a cry of 'Ah, yes! Ah, yes! Welcome!' and wrung me by the hand. 'Come along in, sir. My name's Child. Bob Child. Come along in and meet everybody.'

"He put a hand on my arm and led me in to the inevitable big heavily beamed room. The room itself was much as I had expected, even down to the copper warming-pan and the flint-lock muskets. But an enormous fire was burning, and far from being refrigerated the room was almost insufferably hot. In the middle of it was a large circular table, round which were seated about a dozen people. They were in the middle of a game of vingt-et-un.

"Child insisted on introducing me to each of them in turn, though the only name I caught was that of Mr. and Mrs. Stephano. The best I can say for Mr. Stephano, which you will

agree is little, is that he looked like a rather low-class Neapolitan businessman. His wife was a fat English-woman of about fifty, with her hair dyed an odd shade of bluish-red. Before I had time to take in the others Child said: 'As you see, a small school of vingt is in progress. Care to take a hand or would you rather have a quiet drink first?'

"I do not play cards with people who look like Mr. Stephano without some slight preliminary reconnaissance, so I chose the drink.

"'Excellent!' said Child. 'Then what is it to be? The old and bold, eh?' Without waiting for me to reply, he went to a sideboard, brought a bottle of whisky, siphoned, and a glass and set them down beside me. 'Help yourself,' he said. 'And don't spare the horses. Meanwhile, I shall return to the skinning of these people. Say when you'd like to come in.'

"The game began again, and while it was in progress I had a chance to look at the company. Apart from Child himself (whom everybody addressed as 'Captain'), and the Stephanos, there were a couple of rather bucolic characters whom I rightly guessed as local farmers, a quiet middle-aged American couple, a handsome young English pair who may or may not have been married, and a very old man with a hearing-aid. All, with the exception of the farmers, were in dinner clothes."

**U**NCLE CHARLES continued: "My impression was that they played quite remarkably badly, except for the Stephanos, who played a nice, safe, rather stuffy game. While one could not say they were playing really high, there appeared to be no limit, and Child, in particular, frequently lost several pounds on a single hand.

"After a while Child insisted that I should join them, and my impression was confirmed. It was the sort of game which, if one could play it often enough, would be a very adequate substitute for the Old Age Pension, and in the course of an hour or so I won eight or nine pounds. Child seemed highly delighted at this, and insisted on drinks all round to celebrate my success, though I noticed that he himself never drank anything but tomato juice.

"At about eleven o'clock the farmers left, and an hour later there developed a general feeling that it was time for bed. Child seemed a little disappointed, but accepted the verdict and merely said, 'All right, then. Bed. Now then—orders for breakfast. Get your pad, Louise.' Mrs. Stephano thereupon produced a pad and pencil, and we were each asked in turn what we wanted for breakfast.

"There was no question of being offered a choice of possible dishes. One simply ordered what one wanted. The young English pair, I remember, proposed to start with orange juice and work through a cereal and a small fillet of fish to the proper business of bacon and eggs.

"I do not usually eat breakfast, and I was a little suspicious of the whole affair. But when I suggested toast and marmalade, Child gave a roar of disappointment, and insisted

that I should have at least an omelet.

"This business over, we separated. Child accompanied me to my room, which was large and beautifully furnished, with a bathroom leading out of it. It seemed to me most admirably equipped, but he appeared to be far from satisfied, and took grave exception to the plate of biscuits that had been placed beside my bed. I had a great deal of difficulty in preventing him from taking them away and substituting another 'make that he thought I should prefer. In all, he must have fussed about on little details of my comfort for about twenty minutes.

"When he went at last, I sat down by the radiator and considered. It was clear that the place was not exactly the ordinary small country hotel. But I could not, for the moment, see the catch in it. Even assuming that I should eventually be presented with an outrageous bill, I had won eight pounds, mostly from the proprietor, which would offset what he could possibly charge for a couple of days' stay.

"Yet even if one accepted that Child himself was slightly deranged, Mr. and Mrs. Stephano were, certainly not, and they appeared to have some part in the management of the place. I eventually went to bed, resolving that the only thing for it was to await developments in an attitude of defence.

"The next morning only confirmed my doubts. The breakfast was a most admirable meal, but it produced a mildly unpleasant incident. The young English couple had ordered a small fillet of sole. When it arrived, it was, in fact, a small fillet of plaice, and this threw Child into a rage. He stormed at Mrs. Stephano, shouting that he would not have his guests treated in this way. In vain she apologised and explained that owing to the weather or some other act of God no sole was available. In vain the young couple, much embarrassed, pointed out that they positively preferred plaice.

"Child continued to rage. Suddenly he fell silent for a moment. Then, rising to his feet, he removed the steel-rimmed spectacles, placed them on the floor, ground them to pieces under his heel slowly and carefully, and left the room. Nobody said anything. Mrs. Stephano fetched a dust-pan, and swept up the pieces of the spectacles and resumed her place at the table, and the meal continued.

"I had been invited to spend the day with my acquaintances and saw no more of the Honor Bound until the evening. I found Child, apparently in excellent spirits again and wearing another pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, mixing old-fashioned for a slightly larger party than before. As usual, there was no indication of how we should be charged for these drinks, and again Child himself drank tomato juice. After a really excellent dinner, with wines of high quality, we settled down again to bad but probable vingt-et-un. On this occasion we continued till one. I won four pounds.

"We then gave our orders for breakfast and went to bed. My day with my acquaintances had not been enjoyable, consisting entirely of happy childish voices and the worst sort of nursery food. Normally, I

should have returned to London on the following day. But, as you will understand, there were certain financial attractions about evenings at the Honor Bound, apart from the fact that the place was uncommonly comfortable. I, therefore, decided to stay on for a short while, and it was, I think, a couple of days later that I gained my first insight into the reason for the place's existence.

"Early one evening I had written a couple of letters and happened to inquire when the last post went. We were, of course, in the depths of the country, and I was not surprised to hear that the last post had gone already. Nor did I mind, as the letters were quite unimportant. But Child happened to hear my question, and at once offered to drive me into the nearest town to the General Post Office, so that the letters would go that night.

"Now this involved getting out a car and driving a total of twenty-odd miles to post two letters that were not urgent, and at first I refused. But Child insisted with growing vehemence that it was the least he could offer in service to a guest. Eventually I saw his hand creeping towards his spectacles.

"The car in which we drove was a very old Rolls-Royce, and I think it was some remark of mine about the car that started Child off to tell me about himself and at first I refused. It appeared that he was a younger son of an ancient and noble family, and had been brought up in one of the most famous houses in England when it was still in its heyday.

"All his childhood recollections were of entertaining in the grand manner of an earlier day. Most of this, of course, as a child, he had only seen from afar, but it had made a deep impression on him. Growing up, he had entered the Army just after World War I, had held a commission in a crack regiment, and had spent most of his military







*Bob Child insisted vehemently that taking Uncle Charles' letters to the post was the least service he could offer to a guest.*

career in India at stations with a notable social life.

"Trouble with his eyes had caused his retirement, and he had returned to England with a modest amount of money and a life to reconstruct. Then, as he put it, 'I realised that the only thing that gave me any happiness was to have my friends around me—to entertain them and to draw satisfaction from their happiness and comfort—to try to perfect the service they were given—to re-create the atmosphere in which I was brought up and in which I had lived in India.'

"It did not seem to me that running a small country hotel, even as he was running this one, would quite re-create the atmosphere he appeared to be seeking, but I could

hardly say so. What I did say was, 'I don't quite see why you didn't buy a country house and entertain there.'

"He shrugged his shoulders. 'I couldn't afford it.'

"But forgive me—is the hotel very profitable? I should hardly have thought . . .

"The Stephanos are wonderful managers,' he said rather vaguely. 'Been at the game all their lives.'

"You must remember that I had not yet seen my bill, and this remark made me rather pensive. I said: 'And you don't mind the fact that your—your guests are strangers? I mean, that they are not your personal friends?'

"He seemed to hesitate for a long time. Then he gave a short, not very

happy laugh, and said: 'Oh, one can get very tired of one's friends, you know. The same people all the time . . .'

"I stayed on for a couple of days more after this conversation, but I was not altogether easy in my mind. For if the Stephanos were wonderful managers with a sane approach to hotel-keeping, the bill, when it came, would not be a notable document, and life at the Honor Bound less profitable than it appeared at first glance.

"Accordingly, on the Friday I told Child that I should be leaving the next day, and asked that my bill should be made up. He seemed deeply sorry to lose me, and pressed me strongly to stay on. But I stuck

to my decision, and again raised the matter of the bill.

"He sighed and said: 'This is the part of the whole thing that I thoroughly dislike. It seems so ridiculous that I should have to charge money for the pleasure your visit has given me.'

"This sounded rather menacing. I said: 'Nevertheless, one could hardly hope to run a hotel on any other basis.'

"No,' he said, rather miserably. He thought for a while and then said: 'Well, look here, old chap, you've been here six days. Would you think it outrageous if we said a couple of pounds?'

My Uncle Charles smiled reflectively. 'I would remind you,' he said, 'that I had won some twenty

pounds at cards, that I had been magnificently fed, wined, accommodated, and serviced, and that this proposal amounted to a charge of six shillings and eightpence a day.

"I must confess that I was weak enough to hesitate, and much too weak to make a counter proposal of thirty shillings. Had I done so, I am sure it would have been accepted. But I am not a rich man, so I said: 'I think that is very reasonable indeed, but if it satisfies you . . .'

and hastily pulling out my note-case gave him two pound notes that I had won from him the evening before.

"I should not like you to think, however, that I ever imagined that

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For her this wonderful time was  
always the same, and yet in some  
thrilling way it was different  
from any other Christmas she  
had known . . . and that was  
where the miracle began.



# The Christmas Heart

By FAITH BALDWIN

CHRISTMAS for Cathy Owens began shortly after the New Year, when the tree was denuded, taken down, and the ornaments and year-to-year house decorations boxed, marked, and banished atticward. At this time her family would find her then regarding a small number of brand-new trinkets, usually charming or useful in themselves, but not for her.

"Let me see," she invariably mused, "who would like this?" Having decided, the pristine object in its box would be popped into a great pine chest in the upper hall, there to remain until the following Christmas.

Long ago her husband had protested, having been brought up in the school of comedy which rings all the changes on the old gag of sending the Jones' at Christmas the gift they'd sent you the year before last.

But Cathy preserved, with the boxes, the cards; she would not fall into error. Besides, these were not gifts saved to send people on her standard list, but surprise packages for those who had little and whose tastes she would be certain to discover before the time came.

Contemplating a sentimental piece of china, a ballet dancer, for instance, poised in porcelain flight, she would say, "I



always give the Hopkins family something useful, like food or warm sweaters for the kids; if I include this they will have something useless, yet to them wonderful, whatever you may think of it, darling."

After the things had been put away, Christmas did not reappear until, say, August, when Cathy, Howard, and the kids were on holidays. Whether they were in Canada, on the Cape, or in the mountains, Cathy found little stores; bits of this and that; hand-woven scarves, small inexpensive antiques, a vase, a trifle. These she bore in triumph to their hotel and carefully labelled the brown wrappings with the name of the future recipient.

This is not to say that during the autumn months she was not looking at lists, advertisements, sales, and the like, nor in her free time haunting the shops. This is not to say that by December 1 she was all caught up and had been for months. No, for by December 1 she had been completely frantic.

On last December 15 Cathy wrapped the final package for nearby mailing. The packages to be delivered to friends, neighbors, and anyone who fell within the circle of her urge to give were yet to be wrapped, as were the family things. Cathy didn't send many presents from the shops.

Howard argued, "You'd save a lot of wear and tear, and shops do gift-wrap, Cathy," but she'd have none of it. Only, she declared, when the object was really fragile and must travel a considerable distance.

"Otherwise, it's so impersonal," said Cathy, which was to her the ultimate horror. Nothing, but nothing, at this season should be impersonal — whether a pair of gloves for a tradesman in addition to a small gift of money, or the frivolous nightgown for the laundress.

"Really," said Howard one evening, surveying the latter garment, size 42, as Cathy was wrapping it (in angel-face paper and tied with silver and gold), "wouldn't Mrs. Garvin and her aching bones appreciate a warm nightgown, if any, to say nothing of, maybe, five bucks?"

Cathy said, "I gave her a warm nightie for her birthday; and you are giving her money. Sae may never wear this, it will probably sit in her bureau drawer, but at least she will have the comfort of getting something that isn't the dear-Mom type; something useless and pretty, which will do wonders for her morale!"

Now Howard had lived with this tall, thin, attractive woman for twenty years. She was an entirely satisfactory wife. He rather liked the scatterbrain moments which she had never outgrown, and was more than content with the casual, offhand devotion she showed him in public and which only he knew was neither offhand nor casual in private.

He was happy with the way she ran her house; not too much help these days, but Cathy could whip through a cleaning, if need be, with vigor and determination, and she was an inspired, if original, cook.

He was also in agreement with the manner in which she handled five lively, vociferous children. The two oldest were in college — Sandra at seventeen, Pete at eighteen and a half — but Pete's education was likely to be interrupted. The other three — Lolly, fifteen, Gwen, twelve, and young Howard, ten — were in day school.

Therefore, Howard could forgive, if not comprehend, his wife's Christmas insanity. Early in their marriage, when money was hard to come by — well, harder at any rate — he had expostulated when she put her brown eyes out over bits of needlework and tramped the floors of bargain

basements for things she could almost afford and, perhaps, make over.

At the time he had reminded her that every dime counted, especially as she was due to have their first baby in the spring . . . "and all this running around can't be good for you," he warned.

He blamed her instant torrential tears upon what was then known as her condition. But, through them, she tried to explain. At home Christmas had been the great, the wonderful season. First its religious significance, second its gaiety and giving. "Of course," she wept, "you weren't brought up like that. I can't expect you to understand."

Howard had been annoyed. His family had always celebrated Christmas, if not in this exaggerated manner. But Cathy's family, he was forced to admit, were almost as mad as Cathy herself.

Howard thought his wife was wonderful, though, except, as Christmas neared, when he thought her crazy, but after twenty years he was resigned. It was a small price to pay for her laughter, companionship, dependability, and their private relationship.

This December things were a little more frantic than usual. The kids came home from college and school, vacations never quite the same, which was a nuisance. They all had dates and projects, down to young Howard.

They yearned for snow, ice, and winter winds, and got out sleds, skates, skis, and other winter risks. They raved noisily through the house and the boys asked Cathy to attend to their lists.

"Gee, Mom," said Howard, "what'll I get Pop?"

While Pete, of course, consulted her about his current girl.

"How much can you afford?" she had inquired on the last week-end he'd been home before the holiday.

"Fifteen, altogether. Gee, Ma, I tried to save."

"How many on the list?"

"You, Pop, the kids, and a couple of the fellows — cigarettes for them, maybe." There he hesitated.

"Dolly?"

"Well, yes . . . but there's another girl —"

"Not a new one?" Cathy asked with resignation.

"Sort of. Gee, she's cute. Her name's Jane — Jane, they call her. She lives in Daleport."

"And looks like what?"

"Marilyn Monroe," answered her son, sighing.

Cathy grinned. She said, "If you don't give Dolly something you're a heel."

"Oh, sure. Good old Dolly," said Pete, who had been besotted about their neighbor's daughter a few months — or was it weeks? — ago. "Mittens? You know, cute ones, red or green or something?"

"If you have ceased to hold her hand, mittens it is," decided his mother. "For Marilyn — I mean, Janie, I suggest a purse-size bottle of some good perfume."

"I wouldn't know what, Mom."

"We'll shop together. You can smell it and tell me if it's her type."

"Gee," said Pete, "you're tops."

Everyone consulted her and as usual she shopped for Howard, his family, the people in the office

When the final package was ready for mailing, Cathy, with young Howard (better known as Farso), drove to the village post office, miraculously found a parking space, and then toiled to

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*Cathy, a sensible scarf on her head, regarded the tree with mixed feelings, but the children and Howard were obviously charmed by the fantastic ornaments.*





# Through the Invisible

A poignant short story

BY DOROTHY COTTRELL

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

SHE had lit the lamp, though he could not see the lamp, because it was very moving to her to have him work or sit in darkness. To hear a man efficiently doing dishes or putting away his shirts in absolute darkness drove home the fact of blindness as nothing else could.

Now, in the circle of lamplight, she sat at his feet with her arms about her knees and looked up at his face with its delicacy and strength of line and its quality of self-amusement that darkness had been unable to put out.

She said, "Please give me a cigarette!" And his brown hand went deftly to the package and flipped a cigarette into place for her taking, and then his two hands lit and held a match for her. She said, "Thank you!"

She watched him while he lighted a cigarette for himself, then she said matter-of-factly, "I knew you were going to be difficult and sentimental and this is too important for sentiment. Because it is dreadfully important to us both, I've thought of a hundred ways of telling you this. I've rehearsed this as I've never rehearsed anything for the screen. I've made up a hundred lies — and thrown them away.

"Now I am going to tell you the truth, the good reasons and the bad reasons, the things I'm proud of and the things I'm ashamed of. I want you to understand it — and me — as I understand it and me. I want you to listen very carefully, my dear — and try not to dislike me. Will you do that?"

The lamplight touched his cheek and

the line of his slight, dark moustache. He said gravely, "I will listen very carefully indeed."

"Please listen as you have never listened! Listen as if you were listening for someone else! This is something that we can't make a mistake in, that is just a mistake for now. If we make a mistake, or avoid the mistake but avoid it without believing, it's going to alter everything that comes afterwards for us.

"Listen with all your thought and all your understanding — even when it hurts. I think the best thing there can be between two people is the truth, and in so far as we can tell each other the truth, I am trying to tell it to you. When you answer me, speak the truth to me!"

Two fingers of his hand brushed her straight, pale blond hair. "I will listen . . . with all my mind. And when I answer you, I will speak the truth."

She was silent for a moment, then she said, "Yesterday I told them and they told me that I was mad . . ."

Yesterday, and three thousand miles away, she had stood against the background of what she was, and considered the strangeness of what she was; that rather startling product of the twentieth century, as much its own as the aeroplane or the atomic bomb, a motion-picture star.

Her name was known to as many millions of persons in as great a variety of lands as that of the most famous president or prime minister, and there was no moment of the twenty-four hours when her voice was not speaking to a million ears; in great theatres magical with latest lighting, in little theatres in little towns, from stretched sheets before shacks in the jungle.

She was news, she was special police, fan mail in studio trucks, hurrying secretaries autographing photographs, name glittering on a thousand marquees, swinging blue swords of searchlights of a Grauman's Chinese Theatre premiere. She was both herself and the art of a thousand specialists, so that men had built careers on the photographing of her rather still face, great couturiers had touched high-water mark as they gowned her, and she was both a woman and a million-dollar industry.

She was additionally and above and beyond all this, a very great actress, unique in that she was the only entirely screen-trained actress whose greatness stage critics unanimously acknowledged, and remarkable in that, with ability to portray a passionate spiritual beauty, she could, when she chose, make ugliness and cruelty more fascinating than beauty or goodness.

Men looked into her amber eyes (in technicolor) and saw all they had dreamed to see in a woman's eyes. Women listened to her words (on sound-track) and heard their own bitterness of love turned to hatred, of high dreams broken, or knew the heart's secret capacity for selfless sacrifice.

Because she could, when she chose, create an illusion of beauty that made conventional beauty tame, a committee of artists had once voted her the most beautiful woman in America. But her beauty, if it existed apart from her art, was most certainly an artist's beauty, the less charitable maintaining that she was a pair of too-large eyes and a too-deep contralto voice neatly wrapped up in a skeleton.

To those who saw her act, it did not matter; beautiful or ugly, she was a craving and a drug of which they must have more. And whether she portrayed good or evil, her screen artistry was of

the things that have the polished charm of perfection, the thing that no one else can do, that was in Nijinsky's dancing and Patti's high-C. She was a critics' actress and the actress of the people and she was consistently the greatest box office in the world.

Standing as a thin, rather pale woman with her hand on the back of her chair, she said acidly, "This could be the opening for a picture. The sanctum sanctorum of the world's greatest studios. Twenty fabulously salaried men shout at one woman. They appeal to her with words of honey and promises of million-dollar law suits. They dwell upon loyalty and gratitude."

She lit a cigarette and her face, that could flame on the screen, held its off-screen impassivity; her mouth with its full, lower lip slightly and characteristically down-turned at the corners; her eyes, wide with what a famous critic had called their overtone of contempt, red-peppered with amusement.

She remarked commentatively, "Of course if anyone here had the human instincts of a case-hardened brick, we might really get somewhere on gratitude to him — but that's theory. We're talking about motion pictures . . . As an interesting aside, if it wasn't for him and the others like him, there mightn't be a motion-picture industry, but we can't let a trifling thing like that deflect us."

Undelected voices told her that she was mad — and the greatest actress of the world. She raised her hand. "Ladies and gentlemen! We now hear the theme of praise in the symphony of argument! Now the motif holds the great sadness of ten million dollars that will not be earned!"

She leaned forward to flick the ash from the cigarette. "I am not making the next three pictures. I am going away for a year. I have told you why." Her glance swept the table and came to rest on her producer. "I know it won't, but I don't care if the motion-picture business lies dead on my doorstep. I know you won't, but I don't care if you, Sol, totter over the hill to the workhouse."

"I don't think you'll sue me — for I'll make it the worst publicity you ever bought if you do — but I don't care if I walk out of here like Lady Godiva. On a personal note, I'm grateful that to make money from me, you had to make great opportunity for me — and that you're so darn clever at making money."

"I've loved you, Sol, because I love one-track people. You meant to be the greatest producer in the world and I meant to be the greatest star. You were out for Sol and I was out for me — and we helped each other because we couldn't help it. We'd have cut each other's throats any morning if it had been handier."

She paused with slightly tilted head. "As to how I'm going, I'm going to disappear. As to what Hollywood will think, Hollywood will have theories — all immoral — and Hollywood will be hurt. Our leading female columnist will write, 'I cannot believe that Marguerite Garth has gone insane. I am sure that if she had meant to, Maggie would have told me first!'

"Our leading male commentator will say in Open Letter to Marguerite Garth, 'Dear Marguerite, You may feel that you can betray Hollywood's faith in you without explanation, but even for one as great as you are, betrayal carries its penalties. For your own sake, Marguerite, I urge you to listen to the Still, Small Voice of the Footsteps in the Snow at Valley Forge!'

"Or am I getting my commentators





mixed? Perhaps I should never forget that the Youth of America is the Soil on Which the Founding Fathers Wrote the Bill of Rights, and Old Glory Flying in the Breeze as Commander Lawrence Cried, "Don't Give Up the Ship!" Of What Other Land Can This Be Said? Always Use Dry-O!"

From across the table Sol smiled at her as he stood leaning forward a little with his hands on the table. His dark and beautiful eyes mocked her slightly and more than slightly mocked himself. "I'm not pulling gratitude on you, Maggie. If I can sue you, I will, because I don't like to be hit in the pocket. But there's something I like even less, that's to see diamonds thrown down a concrete mixer. I've valued you, Maggie, because you've made millions for me, but I've valued you more because you've made—something perfect..."

She said, "Thank you, Sol. I wasn't quite fair just now. Who said that your race has given the world its greatest bankers and its greatest dreamers? You've inherited both qualities—and I've seen the dreamer sell the banker down the river... I'm genuinely sorry to be hurting you, Sol!"

"You're up against something much tougher than hurting me or getting past my lawyers or Hollywood opinion, Maggie. You're up against the fact that you're a very great actress—that wonderful, amazing thing, a truly great actress! You're not beautiful, but you could take a picture away from the Venus de Milo. You're colder than a quick-frozen octopus, but give you a love role and you're the Forbidden Fruit on the Tree of Paradise. You're top-of-the-heap at twenty-eight, and you'll still be magic when you're playing the witch of Endor at eighty..."

"I am thirty-two. And I thank you, Sol. And I am going away for a year."

"You can't give away that year because you can't stop following your verse for a year!"

She smiled at him, with her head tilted as if remembering. "Yes. My verse. It was very silly—and my touchstone. I altered a word to make it fit." She regarded her cigarette and suddenly let her voice go fully deep. "I sent my soul through the invisible, some letter of the inner life to spell... I shaped my life to that. Sol! I thought, 'It is my talisman

*"That's him I told you of," said Mrs. Fries to Margarite as she watched the man top his way out through the door.*

and a sword in my hands—and while I hold and use it and better its use, nothing can stop or hurt me! Neither fame nor love nor age! It is my inviolable strength!" If I felt of a part, 'I can get inside that!' I took it.

"By the degree in which I could cease from being Margarite Garth and become the lettered spelling of that other life, I judged if I was giving a good performance... I could get a long way into those other lives—far enough to be wild with love or sick with fear or torn with tears—but I never got all the way... Not all the way."

She smiled at him, the irony in her voice increasing. "I worked at it, Sol! I sat at the feet of good people—so that I could use their goodness for an hour on the stage. I looked for detestable people and listened to them and tried to know what had made them beastly—what could have made me as beastly... Oh, I was really quite good, but always there was the little bit left of me. While I loved and wept and hated, something clapped its little hands, saying, 'Bravo! Bravo, Maggie! You are giving a great performance!' or it whispered, 'Next time, you can use this from a different slant...'"

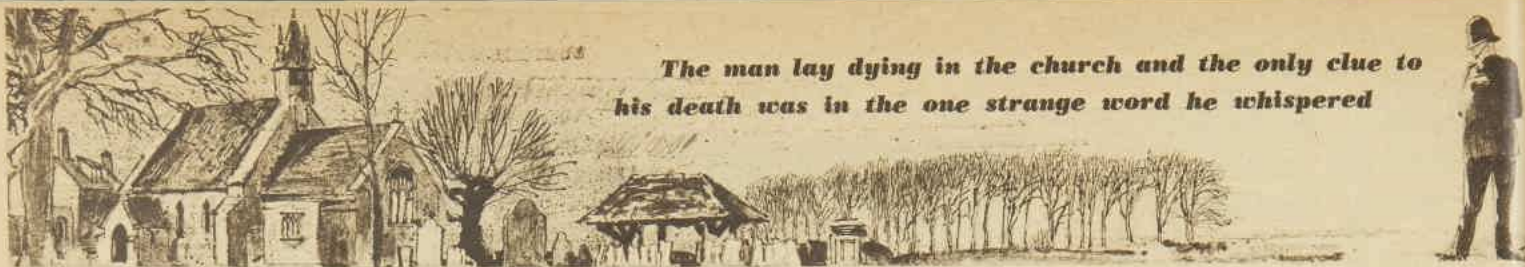
"I knew that when I quite did it, for the time I did it, I wouldn't be there. I knew, 'There should be nothing that matters left of me. I should be the other person until they matter more to me than I matter. When I can do that, I will be the actress I want to be!'"

"You have been it, Maggie! Run your mind over what you've played!"

She let her mind run. Juliet trembling in first passion; middle-aged women trampling out love; the young Saint Joan, heaven-blind in the ancient light of France. She had

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The man lay dying in the church and the only clue to his death was in the one strange word he whispered

# Sanctuary

By  
AGATHA CHRISTIE

THE Vicar's wife came round the corner of the Vicarage with her arms full of chrysanthemums.

She had a slight struggle in opening the Vicarage gate, which hung rustily, half off its hinges. A puff of wind caught at her battered felt hat, causing it to sit even more rakishly than it had done before. "Bother!" said Bunch.

Christened by her optimistic parents Diana, Mrs. Harmon had become Bunch at an early age for somewhat obvious reasons and the name had stuck to her ever since. Clutching the chrysanthemums, she made her way through the gate to the churchyard, and so to the church door.

The November air was mild and damp. Clouds scudded across the sky with patches of blue here and there. Inside, the church was dark and cold; it was unheated except at service times.

"Brrrrrrh!" said Bunch expressively. "I'd better get on with this quickly. I don't want to die of cold."

With the quickness born of practice she collected the necessary paraphernalia: vases, water, flower-holders. "I wish we had lilies," thought Bunch to herself. "I get so tired of these scraggy chrysanthemums." Her nimble fingers arranged the blooms in their holders.

There was nothing particularly original or artistic about the decorations, for Bunch Harmon herself was neither original nor artistic, but it was a homely and pleasant arrangement. Carrying the vases carefully, Bunch stepped up the aisle and made her way towards the altar. As she did so the sun came out.

It shone through the east window of somewhat crude colored glass, mostly blue and red—the gift of a wealthy Victorian churchgoer. The effect was almost startling in its sudden opulence. "Like jewels," thought Bunch. Suddenly she stopped, staring ahead of her. On the chancel steps was a huddled form.

Putting down the flowers carefully, Bunch went up to it and bent over it. It was a man lying there, huddled over on himself. Bunch knelt down by him and slowly, carefully, she turned him over. Her fingers went to his pulse—a pulse so feeble and fluttering that it told its own story, as did the almost greenish pallor of his face. There was no doubt, Bunch thought, that the man was dying.

He was a man of about forty-five, dressed in a dark, shabby suit. She laid down the limp hand she had picked up and looked at his other hand. This seemed clenched like a fist on his breast. Looking more closely she saw that the fingers were closed over what seemed to be a large wad or handkerchief which he was holding tightly to his chest. All round the clenched hand there were splashes of a dry brown fluid which, Bunch guessed, was dry blood.

Up till now the man's eyes had

been closed, but at this point they suddenly opened and fixed themselves on Bunch's face. They were neither dazed nor wandering. They seemed fully alive and intelligent. His lips moved, and Bunch bent forward to catch the words, or rather the word. It was only one word that he said:

"Sanctuary."

There was, she thought, just a very faint smile as he breathed out this word. There was no mistaking it, for after a moment he said it again, "Sanctuary . . ."

Then, with a faint, long-drawn-out sigh, his eyes closed again. Once more Bunch's fingers went to his pulse. It was still there, but fainter.

"Don't move," she said, "or try to move. I'm going for help."

The man's eyes opened again, but he seemed now to be fixing his attention on the colored light that came through the east window. He murmured something that Bunch could not quite catch. She thought, startled, that it might have been her husband's name.

"Julian?" she said. "Did you come here to find Julian?" But there was no answer. The man lay with eyes closed, his breathing slow.

Bunch turned and left the church rapidly. She glanced at her watch and nodded with some satisfaction. Dr. Griffiths would still be in his surgery. It was only a couple of minutes' walk from the church. She went in, without waiting to knock or ring, passing through the waiting-room and into the doctor's surgery. "You must come at once," said Bunch. "There's a man dying in the church."

Some minutes later Dr. Griffiths rose from his knees after a brief examination.

"Can we move him from here into the Vicarage? I can attend to him better there."

"Of course," said Bunch. "I'll go along and get things ready. I'll get Harper and Jones, shall I? To help you carry him."

"Thanks. I can telephone from the Vicarage for an ambulance, but I'm afraid—the time it comes . . ." He left the remark unfinished.

Bunch said, "Internal bleeding?"

Dr. Griffiths nodded. He said, "How on earth did he come here?"

"I think he must have been here all night," said Bunch, considering. "Harper unlocks the church in the morning as he goes to work, but he doesn't usually come in."

It was about five minutes later when Dr. Griffiths put down the telephone receiver and came back into the morning room where the injured man was lying on quickly arranged blankets on the sofa.

"Well, that's that," said Griffiths. "I've sent for an ambulance and I've notified the police." He stood, frowning, looking down on the patient who lay with closed eyes. His left hand was plucking in a nervous, spasmodic way at his side.

"He was shot," said Griffiths.

"Shot at fairly close quarters. He rolled his handkerchief up into a ball and plugged the wound with it so as to stop the bleeding."

"Could he have gone far after that happened?" Bunch asked.

"Oh, yes, it's quite possible. A mortally wounded man has been known to pick himself up and walk along a street as though nothing had happened, and then suddenly collapse five or ten minutes later. So he needn't have been shot in the church. Oh, no. He may have been shot some distance away. Of course, he may have shot himself and then dropped the revolver and staggered blindly towards the church. I don't quite know why he made for the church and not for the Vicarage."

"Oh, I know that," said Bunch. "He said it: 'Sanctuary.'"

The doctor stared at her. "Sanctuary?"

"Here's Julian," said Bunch, turning her head as she heard her husband's steps in the hall. "Julian! Come here."

The Reverend Julian Harmon entered the room. His vague, scholarly manner always made him appear much older than he really was. "Dear me!" said Julian Harmon, staring in a mild, puzzled manner at the prone figure on the sofa.

Bunch explained with her usual economy of words. "He was in the church, dying. He'd been shot. Do you know him, Julian? I thought he said your name."

The Vicar came up to the sofa and looked down at the dying man. "Poor fellow," he said, and shook his head. "No, I don't know him. I'm almost sure I've never seen him before."

At that moment the dying man's eyes opened once more. They went from the doctor to Julian Harmon and from him to his wife. The eyes stayed there, staring into Bunch's face. Griffiths stepped forward.

"If you could tell us," he said urgently.

But with his eyes fixed on Bunch, the man said in a weak voice, "Please—please—" And then, with a slight tremor, he died . . .

Sergeant Hayes licked his pencil and turned the page of his notebook.

"So that's all you can tell me, Mrs. Harmon?"

"That's all," said Bunch. "These are the things out of his coat pockets."

On a table at Sergeant Hayes' elbow was a wallet, a rather battered old watch with the initials W.S., and the return half of a ticket to London. Nothing more.

"You've found out who he is?" asked Bunch.

"A Mr. and Mrs. Eccles phoned up the station. He's her brother, it seems. Name of Sandbourne. Been in a low state of health and nerves for some time. He's been getting worse lately. The day before yesterday he walked out and didn't come back. He took a revolver with him."

"And he came out here and shot

himself with it?" said Bunch. "Why?"

"Well, you see, he'd been depressed . . ."

Bunch interrupted him. "I don't mean that. I mean, why here?"

Since Sergeant Hayes obviously did not know the answer to that one, he replied in an oblique fashion, "Come out here, he did, on the 5.10 bus."

"Yes," said Bunch again. "But why?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Harmon," said Sergeant Hayes. "There's no accounting. If the balance of the mind is disturbed—"

Bunch finished for him. "They may do it anywhere. But it still seems to me unnecessary to take a bus out to a small country place like this. He didn't know anyone here, did he?"

"Not so far as can be ascertained," said Sergeant Hayes. "He coughed in an apologetic manner and said, as he rose to his feet, 'It may be as Mr. and Mrs. Eccles will come out and see you, Ma'am—if you don't mind, that is.'"

"Of course I don't mind," said Bunch. "It's very natural. I only wish I had something to tell them."

"I'll be getting along," said Sergeant Hayes.

"I'm only so thankful," said Bunch, going with him to the front door, "that it wasn't murder."

A car had drawn up at the Vicarage. Sergeant Hayes, glancing at it, remarked: "Looks as though that's Mr. and Mrs. Eccles."

Bunch braced herself to endure what, she felt, might be rather a difficult ordeal. "However," she thought, "I can always call Julian in to help me. A clergyman's a great help when people are bereaved."

Exactly what she had expected Mr. and Mrs. Eccles to be like, Bunch could not have said, but she was conscious, as she greeted them, of a feeling of surprise. Mr. Eccles was a stout and florid man whose natural manner would have been cheerful and facetious. Mrs. Eccles had a vaguely flashy look about her.

"It's been a terrible shock, Mrs. Harmon, as you can imagine," she said.

"Oh, I know," said Bunch. "It must have been. Do sit down. Can I offer you—well, perhaps it's a little early for tea—"

Mr. Eccles waved a pudgy hand. "No, no, nothing for us," he said. "It's very kind of you, I'm sure. Just wanted to . . . well . . . what poor William said and all that, you know?"

"He's been abroad a long time," said Mrs. Eccles, "and I think he must have had some very nasty experiences. Very quiet and depressed he's been, ever since he came home. Said the world wasn't fit to live in and there was nothing to look forward to. Poor Bill, he was always moody."

Bunch stared at them both for a moment or two without speaking.

"Pinched my husband's revolver, he did," went on Mrs. Eccles. "Without our knowing. Then it seems he come out here by bus. I suppose that was nice feeling on his part. He wouldn't have liked to do it in our house."

"Poor fellow, poor fellow," said Mr. Eccles, with a sigh. "It doesn't do to judge."

There was another short pause, and Mr. Eccles said, "Did he leave a message? Any last words, nothing like that?"

His bright, rather piglike eyes watched Bunch closely. Mrs. Eccles, too, leaned forward as though anxious for the reply.

"No," said Bunch quietly. "He came into the church for sanctuary when he was dying."

Mrs. Eccles said in a puzzled voice, "Sanctuary? I don't think I quite . . ."

Mr. Eccles interrupted. "Holy place, my dear," he said impatiently. "That's what the Vicar's wife means. It's a sin—suicide, you know. I expect he wanted to make amends."

"He tried to say something just before he died," said Bunch. "He began, 'Please,' but that's as far as he got." Mrs. Eccles put her handkerchief to her eyes and sniffed.

"Oh, dear," she said. "It's terribly upsetting, isn't it?"

"There, there, Pam," said her husband. "Don't take on. These things can't be helped. Poor Willie. Still, he's at peace now. Well, thank you very much, Mrs. Harmon. I hope we haven't interrupted you. A vicar's wife is a busy lady."

They shook hands with her. Then Eccles turned back suddenly to say, "Oh, yes, there's just one other thing. I think you've got his coat here, haven't you?"

"His coat?" Bunch frowned.

Mrs. Eccles said, "We'd like all his things, you know. Sentimental-like."

"He had a watch and a wallet and a railway ticket in the pockets," said Bunch. "I gave them to Sergeant Hayes."

"That's all right, then," said Mr. Eccles. "He'll hand them over to us, I expect. His private papers would be in the wallet."

"There was a pound note in the wallet," said Bunch. "Nothing else." "No letters?"

Bunch shook her head.

"Well, thank you again, Mrs. Harmon. The coat he was wearing—perhaps the Sergeant's got that, too, has he?"

Bunch frowned in an effort of remembrance.

"No," she said. "I don't think . . . let me see. The doctor and I took his coat off to examine his wound." She looked round the

Carrying the flowers, Bunch stepped up the aisle and then came to a sudden stop as she saw the huddled figure on the steps.

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ILLUSTRATED BY

*E. P. Phillips*



# DEADLY RECORD

TREVOR HAMILTON, successful young author, finds himself startlingly suspected of the murder of his wife, JENNY, soon after his return home to England from Hollywood, where he had been working on a film version of one of his books.

Jenny, for some time, had been neglecting her marriage in her consuming love of ballet dancing, so Trevor was not surprised, on his return home, to find that she and the car were missing. He made no inquiries, and it was a policeman who discovered the car mysteriously returned to the garage and Jenny's murdered body in her adjoining dancing studio.

SUPERINTENDENT AMBROSE, in charge of the case, makes no secret of his suspicion of Trevor, while Trevor desperately makes fruitless inquiries among Jenny's theatrical associates about her recent movements. He has a staunch ally in ROBERTA ("BOBBIE") HUDSON, who has a sudden inspiration that a diary Jenny kept may give them some clue.

But when they locate it at last, it contains nothing but jotted telephone numbers and appointments, such as those with DR. MORROW, who was treating her for anaemia. Bobbie leaves disconsolately for her own home. NOW READ ON:

TREVOR stood for a minute or two in the porch, breathing the freshness of the spring night. Then he went upstairs, undressed, and got into bed. But he did not sleep. The events of the day filled his mind—a tangle of thoughts, words, faces. Faces. Phil Morris over the steaming mug of cocoa, the weary blonde's, Smyrnov's with its pointed beard. The ice-blue eyes of Superintendent Ambrose.

He fought to shut them out. They blurred together and slowly dissolved, and in their place loomed the shape of the red leather diary. A puny thing on which to have set such high hopes, and it had let him down like everything else.

His thoughts wandered haphazardly from one place to another. The studio, his study, Bobbie's kitchen. Back to the studio—and all that was left of Jenny Hamilton.

A flaring magenta shawl. A ballet shoe. A gramophone record on a turntable.

The exotic rhythm of "Rio Rita" recurred to him. He wondered why it seemed familiar. He was not a lover of pseudo-Spanish music. Then he remembered when he had heard it, heard it played over and over at maximum pitch. It was the day before he flew to America. He had been hoping that Jenny would spend the afternoon with him. But she had had an appointment with Dr. Morrow. On returning, instead of coming into the house, she had shut herself in the studio and danced for an hour or more.

It was a moist, muggy day, and his study window had been open. The blare of the radiogram reached him with the click of castanets and the drumming of heels. He had reflected idly on this mood of exuberance, following as it did so closely after an injection which was acutely painful. Usually the last thing she wanted to do after such visits was to dance.

"February 2, treatment—2.30." "February 9, treatment—4.45." "February 16, treatment—3.15." The terse entries were significant in nothing but their monotony. But his train of thought, once arrived there, stayed obstinately fixed on Dr. Morrow.

Jenny's doctor, not his. She had been going to him for some time. Was it possible that she had made a friend of him, had told him things that she kept from her husband? Women often confided in doctors. Their priest-like detachment made them suitable confidants. When he finally dropped off to sleep he had at least made up his mind what he had to do next day.

He left the house shortly after ten o'clock next morning, having got his own breakfast. Mrs. Mac had not turned up. He had not been surprised, after glancing at the paper. It gave two columns to the murder, with a picture of himself and the ominous announcement: "The police are confident that an arrest will shortly be made."

On the brass plate of a square Victorian house near Lord's Cricket Ground was the name of Dr. Bruce Morrow, F.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Surgery 9-10.30 a.m., 4-6 p.m.

In answer to Trevor's ring the door was opened by a tall young woman in nurse's uniform.

"Could I see the doctor, please? On a personal matter. My name is Hamilton."

The woman stiffened.

"Mr. Trevor Hamilton?"

"Yes. I see you know the name. My wife was a patient of Dr. Morrow's."

"Yes, of course. May I say how very sorry I am about this dreadful tragedy?"

"You're very kind. Is the doctor free to see me?"

"No. I'm afraid he isn't. Surgery is over, and he's just going out."

"It's extremely urgent. If he could spare me only a few minutes—"

"Very well. I'll ask him. Will you come in, please?"

Trevor waited in the hall, which had a strong antiseptic smell, until the nurse returned.

"Will you come this way?"

She led him into a well-furnished consulting room. French windows looked on to a large garden. A man in a short white jacket sat in a swivel chair behind an Empire desk. At sight of him Trevor halted in astonishment. He was recalling Jenny's description of this man after one of her visits to him. "A nice old thing, but quite nondescript."

The immaculate person now confronting him was young, certainly not more than thirty, and strikingly handsome. The eyes were large, dark, and expressive. The features had a rare and classic perfection.

Trevor stammered, "I think there must be some mistake. Are you Dr. Morrow's partner?"

The man smiled. He said pleasantly, "I am Dr. Morrow, and I have no partner. What can I do for you? I haven't much time—"

Trevor seated himself in the indicated chair and tried to cover his confusion. He was inwardly asking, "Why did she lie to me?" He said hesitantly, "I haven't much time, either. That's why I've come to you. As you probably know by now, my wife has been murdered. At the moment there seems to be only one suspect, and that's myself. I am—in an unfortunate position."

"If that is so, Mr. Hamilton, I would like to offer my sympathy and to help you in any way I can. This is a shocking business. But I doubt if there is anything useful I could tell you."

"Did she ever mention to you that she might be in danger—that someone had threatened her life? I believe that women do sometimes tell secrets to doctors."

"If and when they do I would naturally regard such information as confidential. But in this case no information was given me."

"Nothing at all? No hint of any anxiety or mental disturbance?"

"Absolutely nothing. Our talk was confined to her physical condition."

Trevor paused. To gain time he took out his case and extracted a cigarette. Then he groped without success for his lighter. There was a table lighter on the desk. The doctor pushed it towards him. The gesture was courteous but curiously clumsy. As Dr. Morrow leaned back he noticed that the white, well-kept hands were shaking. Instantly the cloud in his brain dispersed. A question formed. Clear, direct, concise. He put his cigarette away unlighted, and leaned forward.

"Dr. Morrow, I have to ask you something—you may rightly regard it as an impertinence. How well did you know my wife?"

There was a moment's silence. Then the answer, smooth and cool.

"Mr. Hamilton, the shock of your wife's death has naturally affected you, and I have to make allowances for that. But I do not have to tolerate an implication of unprofessional conduct. Now, if you will excuse me—"

He pressed a bell-push on the underside of the desk. The door opened and the nurse appeared.

"Show Mr. Hamilton out, will you, Ann?" the doctor said, without even another glance at Trevor.

Trevor was ushered out. The front door closed firmly but quietly behind him.

He walked to the corner, turned into Wellington Road, and continued till he came to the gate of the graveyard behind St. John's Church. Here on an empty bench between two tombstones, flanked by daffodils and fading crocuses, he sat and pondered.

At face value the interview had been fruitless. But there had been an undercurrent—an odd disparity between the smooth, unruffled manner and the shaking hand. Something he had said had jolted that studied calm.

What had he said? He had asked a perfectly natural question under the circumstances. It was permissible for a doctor to know one of his patients socially. But Morrow's reaction had been perceptibly hostile. There was also Jenny's misleading description of his appearance. Why had she lied about this if she had nothing to hide? Was it possible that there had been more between them than the normal relationship of doctor to patient?

Trevor rose. He walked determinedly back by the way he had come and rang the bell. Again the door was opened by the nurse.

"I'm so sorry. I left my gloves."

"I didn't notice you were wearing any."

"You're very observant. They were in my pocket. I must have dropped them in the consulting room when I pulled out my cigarette case."

"I'll go and look."

She did not invite him in, plainly expecting him to wait on the step. But Trevor followed her into the hall.

"Don't bother," he said, "the gloves were only a pretext." She turned and looked at him. He had the impression that she was very much on her guard.

"I suspected that they might be. You want to see the doctor again, I suppose. Well, I'm sorry. He's gone out."

"You're wrong," Trevor said softly. "I wanted to see you, nurse."

"I prefer to be called Miss Garfield."

"But you are a nurse, I take it?"

"I used to be. Now I am Dr. Morrow's receptionist."

"Miss Garfield, may we go somewhere where we can talk privately? I won't keep you long."

He watched her. She stood in a shadow, but he thought he saw her face muscles tighten. She walked past him and opened a door on the left leading into a dispensary.

The room was lit by a north window. Trevor saw now that she was older than he had thought. Her face, under the neat white cap, was framed in ash-blond hair. It had a drawn look as though the skin were stretched too tightly over the bones. But the bones were good and the mouth sensitive, well modelled. It had once been an attractive face and, when animated, probably still was. Just now it was as blank as a mask.

"What is it you want to know, Mr. Hamilton?"

"Something about your employer's private life."

"What right have you—"

"None at all. But I'm a writer, as you may know. Writers are always curious about other people's lives. Is he married?"

"No."

"Engaged?"

No reply. Trevor waited. He counted inwardly up to ten and then fired another question. Loudly, incisively. "Miss Garfield, how did the doctor spend last week-end?"

He heard a gasp of consternation quickly controlled.

"What on earth makes you ask that? What has it got to do with you?"

"I have an idea that he was with my wife."

"You must be mad. How dare you suggest such a thing?"





# Engrossing two-part mystery serial — Part 2 ... By NINA WARNER HOOKE

If I'm any judge, your wife looked the kind of woman who might have had a dozen lovers. How dare you couple her name with his? He's a fine man, a fine doctor. He puts his career above everything."

The composure was gone now. The voice had grown shrill. "If you really want to know, he wasn't even in London last week-end."

"I never said he was. Where did he go to?"

"He went, at my suggestion, down to the country to have a complete rest and do some fishing. He works very hard. He has only me to look after him. Fishing is his hobby. He has a cottage on the river, at Wallingford."

Wallingford! The word

exploded in Trevor's mind. Jenny's accident on Saturday afternoon. It was near Wallingford that it had happened. She must have been on her way to him. Was he on the right track at last?

"Now are you satisfied?" Ann Garfield was saying. "Perfectly, thank you. You've been most helpful—whether you intended to be or not."

Trevor left the house quickly. He had not pressed his advantage. He sensed that it was no use asking her when Morrow had returned to town. She would either refuse to answer or she would tell him a lie. Presumably he had returned on Sunday night. But Wallingford was less than fifty miles away. He might just as easily have made the journey on Monday morning. He might have driven back with Jenny. If so, what about his own car? Being a doctor, he must undoubtedly have one.

Trevor had almost reached the corner when he turned back and stared thoughtfully at the house. It had no garage. Nor was there, as in the case of his own house, a convenient mews at the back. Where did Morrow keep his car? It must be somewhere nearby—and it had to be accessible at all hours of the night.

There was only one answer. Fifty yards along Wellington Road was an all-night service station, one of a chain of similar places throughout north-west London. He knew it well. He had taken his own car in there for servicing and frequently stopped there for oil and petrol.

He hurried across the main road, so preoccupied that an oncoming bus had to swerve to avoid him. The driver shouted at him indignantly. He apologised. Take it easy, he warned himself. Can't do much detecting from a hospital bed.

A youth in greasy overalls was hosing the driveway into the garage.

"Is Fred around?" Trevor inquired.

"He's over there, sir."

"Thanks."

Fred was squirming under the chassis of a car. He crawled out as Trevor approached, stood up, and wiped his hands on a wad of cotton waste. Fred was a dedicated soul. He dreamed of super-charged sports models roaring over the Continent for international trophies. Trevor had once recommended him to a film director, who gave him occasional jobs as a stunt driver.

"Morning, sir. Don't see much of you these days."

"I've been abroad."

"Oh, yes. I remember now. Mrs. H.

told me. She was in last week for a new battery lead—" He stopped. He recollected himself. His eyes dropped. "I'm sorry, sir. I wouldn't have mentioned it. It sort of slipped out."

"That's all right." Trevor glanced around. There was no one within earshot. He held out his cigarette case. "Smoke?"

"Thank you, sir."

They stood beside the car for a minute or two, puffing companionably.

"I assume you know about this horrible business?"

"Couldn't 'ardly help it, sir, seeing it's splashed all over the papers. You and Mrs. H. was always real nice to me. I dunno quite what to say, except that I'd give a lot to see the blighter wot done this strung up where he ought to be. Police got any theories yet?"

"Yes, Fred. They think I did it."

"You, sir? Cor, they must be barmy. Trust the coppers not to see further than their noses."

"It works all right," Trevor said, "so long as the noses are pointed in the right direction. In this case they aren't. Fred, I'm in bad trouble. I need some help."

"If there's anything I can do, sir, I'm your man."

"Thanks. I won't forget that. Does Dr. Morrow keep his car here?"

"Yes. Proper nuisance it is, too. Always got to be left where it can be got out quick. Sometimes I got to shuffle a dozen cars around before I go off duty, so's to leave it unobstructed."

"Do you remember if his car was out last week-end?"

"Couldn't have bin, sir. Not unless he pushed it. It's in for overhaul and the engine's dismantled. He come in on Saturday morning and roared like mad because it wasn't ready for him and he wanted to drive down to the country."

"Did he say where he was going?"

"No, sir. Not as I remember. Went off in a proper temper sayin' he'd have to go by train and order a taxi the other end."

"Have you seen him since?"

"Yes. He was in again Sunday night and raised another shindy because the job wasn't finished. Well, like I told him, we was shorthanded. Jack's ill. There was only me and Willie, and one of us got to work the pumps. Can't do bloomin' miracles."

"Can you possibly remember what time you saw him on Sunday night?"

"Yes. Easy. I was cleaning up, getting ready to go off

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"Show Mr. Hamilton out, will you, Ann?" the doctor said, without even another glance at Trevor.





Of course, money is important, but it doesn't always make the most perfect marriage in the world.

# A present for my wife

BY EILEEN JORDAN

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

THERE was a holiday crowd on the 5:31 that evening, a Christmas Eve crowd. The women had sprigs of holly pinned to their frocks, and red and green and silver packages were crammed into the racks over the windows.

Tom Evans pushed through the crowds, trying to find a seat. When he finally found one, he sat down and settled the awkward box he carried on his lap.

He didn't look at it; it was the doll for Marcie. She hadn't asked for a doll—she wanted a rocking-horse. They cost £20, and Helen had told her she could have one. That was the trouble—Helen offered Marcie the world.

He shifted the box and lit a cigarette. He would have to tell Helen about the bonus. Until today he'd hoped that there might be a Christmas bonus from the company—enough so that he could buy her rocking-horse and have enough left over for something for Helen. But instead he had to buy a doll, and in his brief-case was a small bottle of French perfume for Helen.

A week ago she had come into the living-room with several empty perfume bottles in her hands and Marcie's paint set under her arm. She'd laid them all on the table.

"Going into business?" he'd asked.

She'd painted a stripe of blue on one of the bottles. "I'm going to decorate these for Marcie," she'd said.

"All empty?"

"Yes. Haven't you noticed that I haven't smelled like moonlight in Arabia lately?"

"No."

She had made a face at him and said, "Husbands are so disappointing."

"That's right. Whatever you do, don't get married again. It's pretty rough."

She'd looked up at him and laughed. "Oh, definitely," she'd said. "Awfully rough."

He hadn't been able to laugh back at her that night.

She didn't look old enough to have a daughter or a washing-machine or a house with faded furniture and a mortgage.

He wished that he could buy her something crazy and expensive, a diamond bracelet, a mink coat. When the bonus came, he thought, he would get her something special.

"Hello, Tom," somebody called, and he looked up. George Parsons was pushing through a crowd of people.

"Merry Christmas," George said, sitting down beside him, balancing an arm-load of packages. "Boy, I'm bushed. Tom, Christmas is a rat race, a regular rat race."

George pushed his Panama hat back on his head and lit a cigarette. "Been at the office party since twelve o'clock. Had to send my secretary out at the last minute to buy some things for the kids." He shook his

head. "These holidays certainly cost a fortune," he said.

Not if you don't have a fortune, Tom thought.

"The new car, for example," George said. "Had to have it to get down to Palm Beach, so I got delivery on it for this month. And that's not even a Christmas present."

"You're in the right bracket for it, George," Tom said. "Nice to get there while you're still young."

George leaned back and one of the packages fell into the aisle. "You know," he said, bending to pick it up, "don't even know what the girl got for the kids. Gave her a cheque. I do know I spent pounds for electric lights, though. Just for bulbs and wires—imagine that." He added, "Going to light up that big tree in the yard."

Tom shifted the box in his lap again, and wondered how many pounds for the tree. They sat in silence while the train rattled through the suburbs.

You couldn't take it away from George Parsons, Tom thought; he had done well. He was on the committee at the country club now; he had built a huge, new house, a two-story twenty-thousand-quid job.

Tom and Helen had gone to the house-warming. There'd been a caterer, Martins all over the place, and Kate Parsons, vague and pretty, wandering about the big rooms.

Tom looked across at George now. George was dozing, sleeping off the afternoon's cocktails. Whatever it was that George had, Tom knew he'd never have it. He wished he had the price of one of the big brass lamps in the Parsons' living-room, but he knew he'd never have that either—not to spend for a lamp.

The train was slowing down, nearing their station. Tom nudged George and they got off the train together.

At home, Helen was waiting for him in the doorway. She had on an old scarlet dress that he liked.

"Hello, Santa Claus," she called. He ran up the steps to her. "Happy Night Before Christmas," she whispered. He kissed her, hugged her.

The small living-room was decorated with branches of evergreen, and two red candles glowed on the mantelpiece. The untrimmed tree stood gaunt in a corner.

"Marcie and I did all this," Helen said, gesturing, "but I haven't wrapped any presents, yet, and there's the tree..."

"Where's Marcie?" he asked.

Helen helped him out of his coat. "Oh, I gave her her tea early," she said. "I thought you might be late, so—"

She had thought he might be shopping.

"Tough year," he said. "Company wasn't able to come through with a Christmas cheque."

"Oh," Helen said, and then she turned around quickly and hung up his hat.

"Well," she said after a minute, "I'm glad you're not late, anyway. I'd hate to have you out running



"You know," said Helen, "if I had to choose between sable and mink, I think I'd have mink."

around on a hot night like this, on Christmas Eve."

"What am I going to tell Marcie about the rocking-horse?" he asked.

"Don't worry about that," she said. "Marcie knows all about Santa Claus." She picked up a stray sprig of holly off the floor and pinned it on her frock.

"It's simple," she said. "I told her that Santa Claus is the Christmas spirit—the spirit of wanting to give to the people you love—wanting and giving—not just getting. Marcie understood perfectly. She has a lot of imagination." Helen went through the doorway to the kitchen.

He followed her and stood in the doorway watching as she lit the gas. "And what about you?" he said. "Are you just filled with imagination too?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "I'm amazing. I imagine how I would choose between a sable and a mink. But I really think I'd rather have the mink. Silver-blue, I think." She turned and smiled at him. "Would you love me in silver-blue mink?" she said.

"Very funny," he said.

He turned and went back to the living-room, walking on the thread-

bare part of the rug, sitting down in the faded green chair. The bough of evergreen hung above the door was starting to sag, he noticed. He lit a cigarette, saw that he had only a few left and wondered whether Helen had bought any.

That would do it, he thought, if he ran out of cigarettes tonight. Perhaps it was always like that; perhaps you always came back to trivialities like the last cigarette, and you had to scratch for another and you knew that you would always have to scratch for everything.

Perhaps he'd never have any more money than he had right now. Perhaps he'd always go one step up the ladder and two down, and holidays would always be a headache. And perhaps Helen would never have her silver-blue mink; and Marcie, who wasn't going to get a rocking-horse this year, wasn't going to get a bicycle or a wrist watch or a university degree either.

Helen called out from the kitchen. "Hey, what are you brooding about? You should be a happy man." She came to the door.

"You never can tell," she said. "If I had a mink coat, I might get my-

self a male admirer, a regular glamor boy like Kate Parsons."

"What do you mean?" he said.

"She has a beau," Helen said. "One of the new owners of the country club. She's left George."

"Say that again," he said.

"I said she's left George."

He stood up and started across the room to her. It didn't take him long—it was such a little room.

He thought about George Parsons going to Palm Beach in the big new car; and the big, expensive brass lamps lighting the Parsons' empty living-room; and the prettiest, most expensive Christmas tree in town standing outside in the garden.

He stood quite close to Helen. My love, he thought, my very rich and lavish, gilt-edged, sterling-silver love. He leaned down and kissed her cheek, the tip of her ear, her smile. "Well," she said, "what did I do to deserve that?"

"Not much," he said.

"I guess I'm just lucky," she said.

He looked up then and behind her he saw the bough of evergreen above the doorway. He decided it was not going to fall down after all.

"I love you," he said. "Better than anything. Better than Christmas."

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# PICTURE PARADE



## BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

**CHRISTMAS CREEK, QUEENSLAND.** One of several creeks so named, this one, with its overhanging silky oak, bottle brush, and willow trees, is on the Queensland side of the Macpherson Range, which forms part of the New South Wales border. Residents of the township still recall February, 1937, when Bernard O'Reilly crashed out of the bush with the news that he had found the Stinson plane, missing 10 days between Sydney and Brisbane, and its two survivors. The rescue made O'Reilly a national figure. This picture was taken by Lionel Keen.



# KING'S CROSS KANGAROO



COMBING and a diet of vitamin E, malt, charcoal tablets, milk, and water keep Fitzina's fur glossy. The 'roos back home in Carinda, western N.S.W., don't get this treatment. Richy brought Fitz from Carinda as a tiny joey.



KISS on the cheek for Richy Gray, who has just brought her pet back from daily run in the Domain. Fitz is taken there by car, normally lives in pen or shares the caravan. She appears quite happy living in the heart of the city.



This is Fitzina, the kangaroo who's also on our cover this week. Fitzina is no country girl! She lives in the heart of King's Cross, Sydney.

MANICURE controls the length of Fitz's nails. Owner Richy Gray files them short, so that she can pick up food in her claws. In the natural state, the claws wear down, cause no trouble. Fitz always holds her food daintily.

SHE belongs to attractive, dark-haired Richy (pronounced Ricky) Gray, who says she can't understand why people prefer dogs when they could own kangaroos.

Miss Gray rescued Fitz during a kangaroo hunt, flew back to Sydney with her, now keeps her in an airy wired-in pen, or in a luxury caravan, where Fitz hops happily over the soft carpeting, seeming perfectly at home.

When young, Fitzina accompanied her owner to work, where she spent the day slung in a bag from a hat-peg.

Once, with an urge to see more of life in the Cross, Fitz escaped from her pen

and hopped up William St. to the consternation of passing motorists. Fortunately, she was brought back before she attempted to tangle with the traffic.

Richy calls her kangaroo by giving a special whistle with high-low notes, which the 'roo obeys like a pup.

Another venture of Fitz's was the time she followed her owner into the surf, bounding happily on the fringe of the breakers, until Richy caught sight of her, picked her up quickly, and returned her to dry land.

Fitzina likes people, and even likes dogs, particularly Rowdie, a big Labrador, who often travels with her in the car and joins her when she goes for a run in the open.



WHEATMEAL bread is nibbled by 'roo, who, when adult, will live on a four-acre property out of town. Kangaroos are friendly animals which thrive as pets.

FOR MILK, Fitzina stands tiptoe, holds up hands. She wears a red-leather collar. After she has eaten she cleans her paws and whiskers just like a cat.





**TANTALISING.** In the gloom of a Parisian street in the film "New Faces," Eartha Kitt croons one of her best hit songs, "C'est Si Bon."



## EARTHA KITT: HUSKY-VOICED SCREEN SIREN

**APPEALING** in a young puckish mood, she has an intimate singing style which brings her right into the audience.

**DEMURE** and completely feminine in white lace, Eartha sings "Love Is A Simple Thing," and looks as if she knows about that.



**CARNIVAL GIRL** costume for "Bal Petit Bal" gives Eartha a gayer setting. She speaks French, Italian, German, and Creole, and sings in Spanish, Turkish, and Swahili songs she picked up during her travels.

**WHEN** the petite but smouldering Dixie gal singer Eartha Kitt drives down Broadway all New York citizens know she's coming—her three-note car horn blows the opening phrase of one of her hit songs, "C'est Si Bon." It's a gesture to success which this 25-year-old sophisticate has earned.

In seven years she has hit the top as a dancer, singer, and actress, with a unique style in all three fields.

While Australians in the New Year will be seeing her in the filmed Broadway revue "New Faces," New York theatre-goers will watch her act in a straight drama called "Mrs. Patterson."

The demure 15-year-old girl of the play couldn't be more of a contrast to the husky-voiced siren of the film.

Some of Miss Kitt's versatility is probably due to her training as a dancer with Katherine Dunham's negro ballet troupe, with whom she won a scholarship in 1946.

While the troupe was in Paris Eartha tried a solo singing and dancing act in a night-club and made such a hit that she left the ballet and struck out for herself.

Paris adored her, and from there on she steamed, seared, and sizzled her way through nine nations.

In between night-clubs she starred in an exotic Parisian production of "Faust" with Orson Welles, who took over her training until an off-stage romance was rumored.

Eartha waited until she got back to Hollywood and then firmly denied the whole affair.

"I was too busy exploring his mind," she said. "He made me realise I wasn't just a dumb kid. He built up my ego."

"Orson's one of the most misunderstood people in the world."



**LEFT:** Eartha has an opportunity to show her skill as a dancer when, between a row of couches, she adds to the effectiveness of a hit tune called "Monotonous" in the film "New Faces," soon to be seen in Australia.



# MODEL ON ISLANDS TOUR

By SCOTT POLKINGHORNE

WHEN Dawn Read, beautiful seventeen-year-old model, of Bondi, N.S.W., won the "Queen of the Coral Sea" contest, her prizes included a trip to Thursday Island, calling at Queensland towns and islands of the Great Barrier Reef on the way home.

Australian actor Chips Rafferty, who recently made the film "King of the Coral Sea," launched the contest to find a new star for future films.

I went with Dawn to Thursday Island to make a series of color pictures, some of which are shown here.

The highlight of the trip was the crowning ceremony at a special ball on Thursday Island when Dawn was crowned with an exquisite pearl-shell tiara.

Trips on a pearling lugger, with the Torres Straits pilots, and to the mainland were some of the enjoyable experiences arranged for Dawn during her four-day visit to the island.

Most of the white residents of Thursday Island lined the jetty to wave farewell as we left. Our hostess, Maree Townsend, gave Dawn the fruit of the wongai tree. A local legend is that the visitor who eats this fruit wants to return to Thursday Island.



IN A ROMANTIC SETTING under the palm trees at Brampton Island, thirty miles from Mackay, North Queensland, model Dawn Read is photographed with one of the organisers of her interesting trip.



ON BOARD A PEARLING LUGGER, seventeen-year-old model Dawn Read takes a trip through the straits off Thursday Island, while the bo'sun points to places of interest along the route. The lugger is named Macoy.



LAUNDRY DAY (left) for Dawn, who hangs her washing on a line between the palm trees at Brampton Island. Most of the frocks in her travel wardrobe were specially made for her as part of her prize.



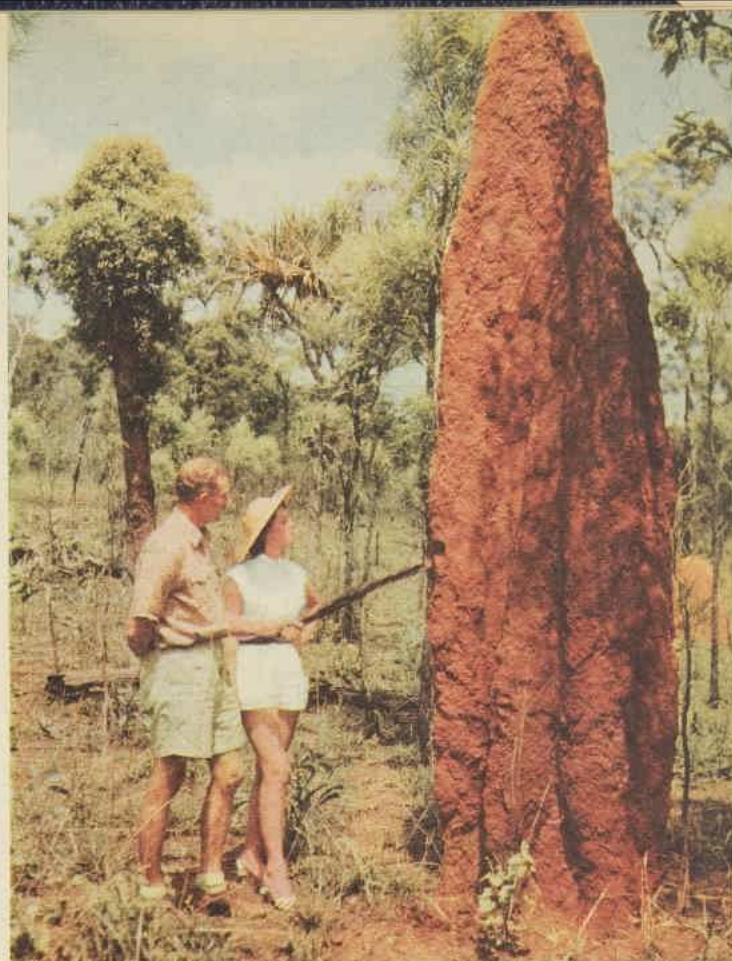
CROWNING (right) was performed by Mr. J. C. Dillon at a ball on Thursday Island. Dawn's crown was an exquisite pearl-shell tiara made by islanders. Little Van Johns took his role of page seriously.





**LUXURY HOTEL.** Dawn is entertained on the terrace of the Hotel Pacific (above), at Eimeo, near Mackay, during her visit to Queensland. It is one of Australia's newest luxury hotels.

**HUGE ANT HILL,** fourteen feet high, is inspected by Dawn and Superintendent Sidgwick at Red Island Point, on Thursday Island. Mr. Sidgwick has charge of a native settlement.



**FRANGIPANI LEI** is presented to Dawn (above) on her arrival at Thursday Island as winner of the "Queen of the Coral Sea" quest. The two little girls in the picture are Emma Bin Auel and Kulisum Newman. Members of the ball committee are shown grouped in background.

**OLD-TIMER** Frank Joyce (right), aged sixty-nine years, took Dawn on a visit to his home on Prince of Wales Island, where he and his wife, Rosie, run a cattle station. The island is separated from Thursday Island by a narrow waterway, and is the largest of the beautiful group.



**GOOD CATCH** of coral trout is proudly displayed by Dawn, who caught the fish off Brampton Island. During her outdoor life on the Barrier Reef and Thursday Island she acquired a wonderful suntan. She travelled to Thursday Island by plane, breaking her homeward journey in Queensland.





## SunTAN without Sunburn

This summer—why not do your suntanning the easy way—with Nyal KWIK TAN? Kwik Tan is Australia's most popular suntan preparation and is used every year by thousands of surfers, golfers, tennis players—and people who like the outdoors. Kwik Tan enables you to SunTAN without sunburn.

Promotes an EVEN tan. Apply KWIK TAN—Cream or Sun Oil—before sunbaking and you will have a rich, burn-free suntan in next to no time.

Screens out burning rays! KWIK TAN contains a scientific sun-screen which filters out the harmful rays of the sun, keeps your skin soft, supple. Why take a chance on sunburn? Get KWIK TAN to-day! Remember, Kwik Tan is sold only by your chemist.

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WIFE



"You won't believe this, but 15 years hence you'll be telling your wife you wish she could cook like this."

MOTHER



"Look, Mum! Look what we found in your wardrobe!"

# It seems to me

THE nice thing about the Christmas season is that it is always the same, but always different. For instance, last week-end I had a jar of tadpoles as house guests.

They had something to distinguish them from the ordinary run of their fellows. They were Melbourne tadpoles, on their way to Brisbane by car.

They spent the night on a window-sill high up in King's Cross, where I trust they enjoyed the flash of neon lights and were not disturbed by the motor-bike which nightly at 11.45 revs. up in the lane below.

As they had reached an interesting stage and were beginning to look a bit froggy, they had to make the trip. It would have been unthinkable to leave them behind. Indeed, I was sorry myself when they departed.

When it was time for the car to be repacked there was some talk of fruit-cake for the tadpoles' companions on the journey. Peering into the depths of the jar, I made a natural mistake.

"Do they have fruit-cake, too?" I asked.

"Oh, no," explained the tadpoles' spokesman. "Toast."

CHRISTMAS shopping never gets any easier. It is curious that the shops can be absolutely crammed with goods from every part of the world and that it is still hard to think what to buy.

The department stores do their best about it, of course.

One has a floor entirely given over to "gift suggestions." The variety is immense.

Among items in the collection was a powder compact shaped like a revolver.

ONE gift suggestion widely advertised this year is an ice-crushing gadget. It's called "Australia's newest contribution to the labor-saving side of gracious living."

This, in its way, is a penetrating commentary on modern life.

Gracious living (which means sitting round in graceful attitudes waiting for the next meal) was once the province of the few. Strictly speaking, it still is.

It requires, for successful achievement, a quota of serfs toiling graciously behind the scenes.

However, in the mid-twentieth century it has become a chimera pursued by thousands who have no serfs. They may own labor-saving devices, but they nevertheless must work like dogs to simulate gracious living.

That glazed look you see in the eyes of many women is caused by trying to make light conversation while sniffing delicately to see if the carrots are burning and keeping an ear on the children.

Children of gracious-livers are supposed to emerge, say good-night prettily, and disappear.

The invention of a labor-saving gadget to perform this miracle is still eagerly awaited.

By



Dorothy Drann

FROM Hobart, in this week's mail, a letter enclosing a batch of tram tickets.

A couple of weeks ago I complained that the backs of Sydney tram and bus tickets made dull reading, being confined to homilies on transport laws.

To a Sydneysider the Hobart tickets are a distinct improvement.

Their theme is "Do you know?", and they bear snippets of information kindly provided by a printing firm which uses the device for advertising.

From the batch supplied I learned the Hobart rainfall (24.69 inches), the size of the largest iceberg recorded in the North Atlantic (seven miles by three and a half), and that "the cuttlefish propels itself by expelling a jet of water from a kind of funnel."

I could go on, but I understand from my correspondent, Miss M. L. Fraser, that there is only a limited number of these general knowledge snippets, so that the tram traveller tends to read the same thing over and over again.

For all I know, it may give Hobart tram travellers the screaming heebie-jeebies to be told once more that a housewife walks 3000 miles each year.

And perhaps it will stick for ever in the young mind like some of the things I used to read on labels as a child. One of them began, "Should this honey crystallise (which is proof of its purity)..."

Those words are all I can remember, but they are imprinted on my mind like the rolling of immortal drums.

Christmas, they say, should be white, with the holly growing  
Scarlet and green against the sleeping garden.

And the snow falling, falling, mantling the eaves and wrapping  
Each hearth in its magic circle of home.

So they dreamed of home, the expatriates, lonely, not knowing  
That they carried in their hearts not snow, nor robins, nor holly,  
But the age-old wish for belonging.

Ours is a golden Christmas, cicadas shrilling,  
Golden and blue, with the long waves rolling, rolling.

The still grey trees of the bush in the noonday silence,  
The blistered roads of the city, the blue hydrangea.

Bright in the sun around the suburban portals.

And this is the dream that our children's children will carry,

For Christmas lives in the heart, and this is our own.

## Does your family get enough Vitamin C?

Vitamin C prevents and cures scurvy and is essential for the formation of strong, healthy bones and teeth or to build resistance against attacks of colds, flu, rheumatism and respiratory virus infections.

Specialists recommend a minimum daily intake of Vitamin C, of from 70 mgm. for adults, down to proportionately smaller amounts for children.

To get this amount of Vitamin C, every member of your family would need to eat, daily, one large orange and nearly half a pound of fresh peas, beans, potatoes or tomatoes—or supplement their present diet with a roll pack of Vit-O-Fruits.

Delicious lime-flavoured Vit-O-Fruits are the most healthful sweets to eat, because every roll pack contains 70 mgm. of essential Vitamin C, plus cane sugar for energy and glucose to steady the nerves. Children love Vit-O-Fruits.

One roll pack a day will help to keep your family healthy, active and gay, all year round.

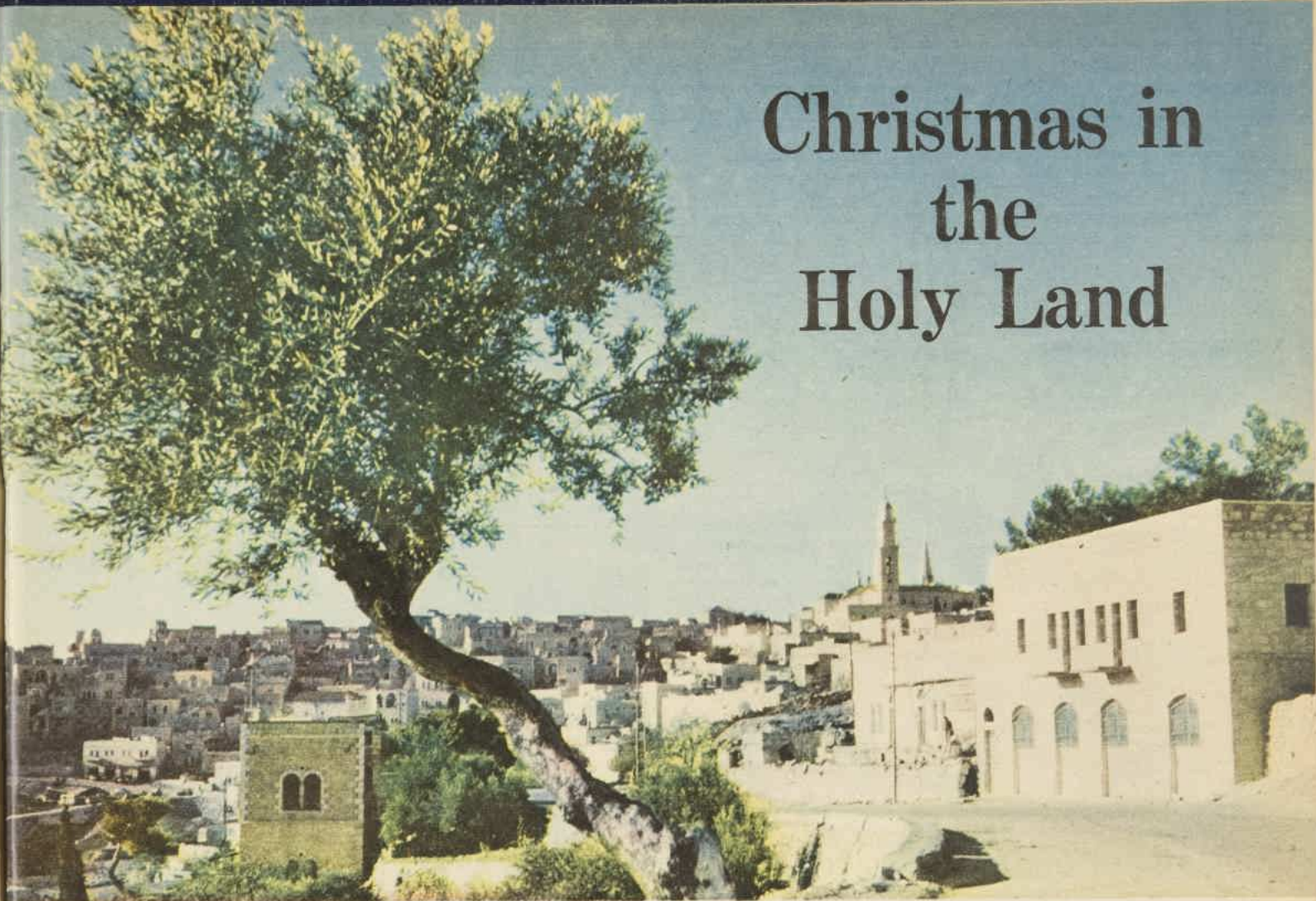


## BACKACHE swiftly checked

Are you afraid to bend or stoop? Do nagging backaches, aching joints make life a misery? These pains could be due to lapsed kidneys not carrying out their vital job of removing harmful wastes from the blood. These wastes can cause backache, rheumatic pains, loss of energy, disturbed nights, leg pains, etc. At first sign of kidney upset, follow the lead of success all over the world—get Duan's Backache-Kidney Pills. Duan's should bring swift, comforting relief and set those lazy kidneys to work again.



# Christmas in the Holy Land



● *View of Bethlehem one Christmas morning, looking towards the Basilica of the Nativity, which consists of three churches — Franciscan (Roman Catholic), Armenian (Armenian Orthodox), and Greek (Greek Orthodox). The tall church spire showing behind the Basilica belongs to a nearby Protestant church.*

● *Greek Orthodox Monastery on the Mount of Temptation. The cave over which the monastery is built is reputedly the scene of the fast and temptation of Jesus. The monastery was built by a Greek monk, who was an engineer before he joined the church. It is said to be an engineering feat, and survived the 1927 earthquake, which shattered many other buildings in the Jericho area.*





## Homemaker

Running a home is no small job, even with the help of modern equipment. That is why so many young wives have a household cheque account. Paying the grocer, insurance, time payments, rent, and so on, is quickly and easily done in your own home when it is simply a matter of writing a cheque. What's more, a current account provides a permanent record of your expenditure.



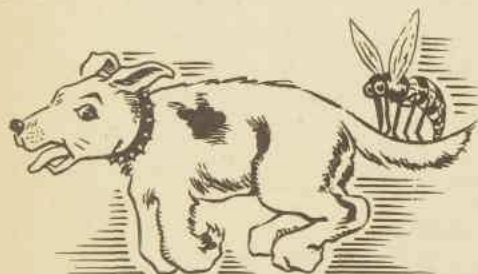
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... stick to it!"**

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**MORTEIN PLUS  
MORTEIN PRESSURE-PAK  
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The most powerful insect-killers in Australia—and the safest to use!



# An angel—and a star

*The angel wears sandals, the star is electric, but the Christmas tree shines with the light of Bethlehem.*

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter



**"THE ANGEL"** (above), Angelo Bergamaschino, who, with Jim Barker, a workmate on a Sydney suburban bridge, put the star on the top of the Dee Why tree (right).

AT Dee Why, Sydney, there's a 70-foot-high pine tree topped with a luminous Christmas star. Believe it or not, an angel put it there.

Wearing denim trousers, a loose T shirt, and sandals instead of white robes and the customary wings, the angel—actually 29-year-old Angelo Bergamaschino—swung down from the topmost branch to have a word with me at the tree's base.

Dislodging pine cones, scraps of bark, and pine needles as he came, Angelo was followed by his workmate, Jim Barker.

Both men were hired by the Dee Why Chamber of Commerce to climb the tree, to put up the great star, the dozens of brightly wrapped "parcels," the closely strung flags, the tinsel, and the 500 red, yellow, green, blue, and white lights.

Although the organisers had picked out the tall pine tree as the ideal focus for Carols by Candlelight and for gift presentations, they had diffi-



culty in finding experienced tree climbers.

Advertisements brought replies from university students, mountaineers, and surf life-savers.

But Mr. Bill Yonge (president of the Dee Why Chamber of Commerce) and Mr. Ted Clifton (vice-president) decided that only trained men could do the job with safety.

In the end they chose Angelo and Jim, both of whom work on the new bridge which is being built nearby at The Spit.

At Dee Why working furiously around the tree (which stands on a hill in ground belonging to the Salvation Army) were the ground staff. The noise of motor mowers filled the air as workmen clipped down the weeds and grass and levelled the area around the tree.

Mr. Reg Kidd, who supervised the building of the Star of Bethlehem, watched anxiously as Angelo and Jim hoisted it by ropes up to its pinnacle at the top of the tree.

He explained: "It is made of waterproofed plywood, en-



amelled over with luminous paint on which are scattered thousands of small reflecting glass beads.

"Though the tree will be lit up before Christmas, the star will not shine until Christmas morning."

Local electrical contractor Mr. Jock Ewing, who hasn't lit up a Christmas tree since he was a youngster in his native Glasgow, explained how the lighting of the star was controlled by a time clock.

"We have set it to 3 a.m., the time when the star shone over Bethlehem," he said.

Mr. Clifton, speaking for the Chamber of Commerce, told me:

"Christmas is the season of giving, for everyone likes receiving gifts and making presents, too.

"To start off the season, the 53 members of the Chamber of Commerce subscribed £350.

"Firms supplied gold watches, Christmas hampers, and turkeys. During Christmas week Santa Claus walked among the Dee Why shoppers, giving a ticket a day to a genuine woman shopper. On December 22 ticket-holders went along to the tree, where all the presents were kept in a caravan. The numbers were called out and the ticket-holders received gifts."

Gifts given by local people to the tree were distributed by Lieutenant-Commissioner E. Grinstead, Territorial Commander of Eastern Australia (Salvation Army). They went to hospitals, homes, and the needy.

## NEW £8000 CONTEST

Next week The Australian Women's Weekly will launch an intriguing new contest for which the prizes will be eight superb Hillman Minx saloons, registered and insured for 12 months. These are valued at more than £1000 each.

The contest will be of absorbing interest to all the family.

It's a road safety competition in which you, as a parent, a citizen, a pedestrian, or a motorist, can give your ideas on ways in which our roads can be made safer.

You will enjoy this simple but constructive competition, which is something new in Australia, and has been devised with the

co-operation of the Australian Road Safety Council.

It will give you a chance of winning a modern streamlined car, which will provide you and your family with years of happy motoring.

Watch out for details of this exciting new big prize contest in next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.





"OMA" BARRINK, of Slack's Creek, Queensland, left, with her granddaughter "Ankie." "Oma" is home for Christmas with her son for the first time in five years.

CHRISTMAS starts for the five young Lanyons, above, when Mum gets home (right) from hospital with their baby sister. They deserted the Grey Sister, above, who has been caring for them, when Mum got home.

# Mother comes home for Christmas

Family celebrations are the essence of Christmas, the abiding joy beneath the festive tinsel. In many homes throughout Australia, this Christmas is an extra special one because Mother is home, and the family re-united.

FOR the first time in three - and - a - half years, polio victim Mrs. Adrienne Campbell, of Denistone, Sydney, is home to "take a hand" in her family's Christmas.

Blond, blue-eyed Adrienne Campbell, former model and mother of a six-year-old daughter, has lived almost constantly in an iron lung since 1951, the year she contracted poliomyelitis.

Occasionally she was able to leave hospital to spend week-ends with her husband, tall, ex-R.A.N. Lieutenant Gavin Campbell, and her daughter, Jennifer Anne.

She came home for Christmas—just for Christmas Day, like a visitor in her home—and then went back to hospital.

Now Mrs. Campbell is home to stay. Sydney people subscribed £372 to buy her an iron lung so that she could be with her family.

"It's so wonderful to be really home again," she said. "I can't really believe it. This will be just about the best Christmas I've ever had, and I'm going to have a hand in it myself this time."

"I won't be able to make our Christmas cake or cook Christmas dinner for the family—my mother is going to do these—but I can do the messy jobs, like cleaning the raisins and pulling the tops off them, and shelling peas. I can wrap up Christmas presents, too."

Mrs. Campbell gets a little

excited when she talks about her first real family Christmas for three years, her eyes sparkle, and she gasps a little for breath.

"We'll have the Christmas tree in the morning, and all the presents around it, and we'll have our friends calling in all day," she said, "and it will be wonderful."

WHEN the old German carol "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht" (Holy Night) rises on Christmas Eve from a little Queensland cottage in the bush at Slack's Creek, about 12 miles from Brisbane, the singer will be "Oma" Barrink, who for the first time in five years will be enjoying Christmas with her son and his family.

In the corner of the room will be a bespangled casuarina tree, under which "Oma" will have gifts for her little grand-

daughter "Ankie," who is not yet two years old.

"Ankie" has been named after her grandmother, Anna Catharina, but "Oma" is Ankie's abbreviation of the Dutch for grootmoeder (grandmother), and "Ankie" is the nickname blue-eyed Anna has been given.

When the gaiety in the little cottage is over at Christmas, "Oma" will retire to her own little cottage which her son had in readiness for her when she arrived in Australia in May, 1954, soon after her husband's death.

Her son built her house and painted the mural.

Not only has "Oma" a son here, but her daughter Anne and her son-in-law Roelof Braamsma live nearby.

This Christmas will be an exciting time for everyone in the family. It was on December 19, 1949, that Roelof Barrink waved good-bye to his mother at Zwolle, in the middle east of Holland, near the Zuider Zee.

In the five years Roelof has been in Australia he has worked at many jobs. He now has his own ice run. He built with his own hands his cottage in the bush—an airy, pleasant place, in which the family's pieces of Delft china stand below scenes of Holland which Roelof himself painted.

"Oma" has her meals with the family, but in the privacy of her own cottage she can relax with her Dutch books, or do her Smyrna (wool work) and entertain granddaughter "Ankie," who is never far away from her.

"Oma" and her daughter-in-law Marianne are preparing special Dutch dainties for Christmas.

MRS. WALLY ROE, of Murdoch Ave., Grosvenor Gardens, South Australia, is returning home from hospital for Christmas.

Her husband, Flight-Sergt. Roe, R.A.A.F., and six-year-old daughter Michele have a special welcome for her after



MRS. ADRIENNE CAMPBELL, with her husband, Gavin, and daughter Jennifer prepares for her first Christmas at home for 3½ years. Sydney people subscribed £372 for an iron lung so she could go home and be with her family.

her bout of rheumatic fever.

Michele has helped hang the decorations, while her Daddy has painted the kitchen turquoise and white as a welcome-home present.

Her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Mitchell, of Goodwood, with whom Michele stays while her mother is away, have invited them all to share their Christmas with them. "It seems such a long time to wait till you come for Christmas," Michele told her mother.

Flight-Sergt. Roe is the one who is generally missing at Christmas. He enlisted in the R.A.A.F. before the war, and many of his postings over the Christmases in the past have been away from home. At present he is stationed at the Long Range Weapon Establishment at Salisbury. He counts himself fortunate that this Christmas he will be at home.

CHRISTMAS is very extra special this year for the Milner Smiths, of Jindong, Western Australia.

Mother is coming home from hospital, where she has been since August suffering from poliomyelitis. Three months after she entered hospital Mrs. Smith had her second daughter, Katherine. Mrs. Smith has more hospital treatment ahead of her in the New Year, but her ten-day

hospital "holiday" at Christmas with her two daughters and her husband has made her very happy.

THE return home of Mrs. Joe Lanyon with a new baby was the signal for an early outbreak of Christmas celebrations in Kenneth St., Hampton, Victoria.

Marie Therese, the new baby, was given a boisterous welcome by her brothers and sisters, Bereley, 11, Geraldine, 10, Brian, 6, Michael, 3, and Ray, who is 18 months old.

In the hectic half-hour before Mrs. Lanyon arrived home with her husband, the Grey Sister, a member of the religious organisation which provides emergency housekeepers, had quite a time keeping the party table intact for Mum's afternoon tea.

Although a Christmas cake had pride of place on the centre of the welcome-home party table, Mrs. Lanyon decided to keep it uncut until Christmas Day.

Mr. Lanyon, who is a carpenter, the children, and their good friend the Grey Sister had worked hard to transform the Lanyon home with the Christmas decorations.

Marie Therese stole the scene, though—her brothers and sisters lined up in turn to have their first nurse of their new sister.



MR. AND MRS. WALLY ROE with their daughter Michele, 6, talk over their plans for Christmas, an extra-special one as Mrs. Roe will be home from hospital after a long illness. Michele and Daddy have prepared special surprises.

MRS. MILNER SMITH, of Jindong, W.A., is home on holiday over Christmas after being five months in hospital.



# Nary Hordeur's

*Fashions in slacks have never been so intriguing. Their slim lines make a perfect foil for loose-fitting middy tops and chic tuck-in blouses. The length is important and varies from calf-level to just above the ankle.*



● Givenchy's slim-fitting calf-length trousers (above) are made in turquoise-green linen and worn with a black sleeveless poplin blouse finished with wing-shaped revers.

● Madeleine de Rauch designed the amusing tied-at-the-calf-length trousers (right). The trousers are patterned in blues and greens with a flash of yellow. The yellow is repeated in the cummerbund. The blue shirt has a plunging neckline.



# Paris Notes.

● Jean Patou's casual loose-fitting yellow over-blouse (right) is made in coarse hand-knitting. The blouse has a large open turtle neck, and is worn with pin-striped trousers.

● Dior chooses black jersey for his ankle-length, supple and superbly tailored trousers (above). The Fair Isle patterned over-blouse has a nautical air heightened by the knotted tie of flamingo colored silk. Shoes are flat.

● Lanvin designed the sailor suit (above) and used white linen for the material. The cuffed trouser legs are perfectly tailored. The jacket has a loose cut and is finished with a knotted tie.

*Dorothea Johnston*



shuffling and whispering. Across the street the late shoppers forgot their rush and stood motionless on the kerb.

Your voice rang out so firm and clear that one could hear the echoes floating way out over the valley.

And when you had finished, old man Malarky came wobbling across the street from the hotel. He went up to Mr. Mercer and pressed a half-a-crown, probably his last, into his hand.

"The little girl who sings like an angel," he stuttered—"will you ask her to sing again?"

A couple of men came across from the livery stable to lead him away. He was drunk, they said. The old man started to cry. He once had a little girl of his own, he said. I began to shiver like I did when something grated me inside.

Then we went up Rossie's street and he ran in to get your present. Just like he had promised, it was a violin, a gift that just suited you. I was almost afraid then to give you my present.

When we came in front of your house you went in to leave your violin and I went with you to wait.

I never liked waiting at your house. Your mother was always so frightfully busy.

The wallpaper was shaggy and the carpets had bald spots and the clothes which were always drying on the line behind the stove smelled of too many babies. And in the downstairs bedroom your father sat in a wheel-chair.

Somehow it all made me afraid to breathe, and when I finally got outside that night I shivered again just like I had when the old man had cried.

Finally the carolling was over and I took you home to give you my present.

I'll never forget the look that came into your face when you saw what it was. It was a doll. The best doll my father had been able to buy.

He said it had cost a pound, but I knew it had cost three. The label was still on the neck. He had said a pound because I was paying for it myself.

It had deep blue eyes like your own and long brown lashes and cheeks like a china cup. It had brown curls and a little frock much better than anything of yours. It cried. It slept. It walked.

"Oh, Eddie!" you exclaimed. "Oh, Eddie! I've never seen anything so beautiful. Oh, thank you!" And you hugged the doll till I thought you would crush it. Then a shadow stole into your joy. "But, Eddie, I haven't a thing for you. Not a thing."

Father had told me it would be like that and he had warned me that to say, I was ready.

"Girls aren't supposed to give presents to the boys, Dorothy. That's always been the man's job."

But you weren't quite satisfied. "I'll tell you what, I'll give you my red diamond—the one I found on the beach," you said.

I told you I loved red. You looked down at the doll again. Your eyes began to shine. When you looked up your words were almost a sob. "Oh, Eddie! You know what? Some day I'm going to marry you!"

After we parted that night I went into the den where my father sat in front of the fireplace.

I stood there in front of him looking at the new angel-fish in the aquarium and the funny label on the Irish pipe tobacco he saved for Sundays and holidays. I waited. He was reading "Rod and Gun."

Presently he put a mark on the page, slid the magazine under the aquarium, and said, "Well, young man, you have something on your mind?"

"Yes, sir," I said, clearing my throat. "I—I wonder if you could grind me a ring

next time you're down at the shop."

"A ring?"

"Yes, sir. I—I got engaged tonight. To Dorothy."

Father took the pipe out of his mouth. "Well, now, that's interesting, son." He was very, very serious about it. "Congratulations." He shook my hand. "But you know a ring for an occasion like that demands considerable care. What size would you be wanting?"

"Same size as my own, sir." He took a micrometer from the little drawer beside him, slipped it over my finger, scribbled some figures in his notebook and said, "If you want the best quality metal, a ring like that will cost you—five shillings. And you're owing me already fifteen shillings on the doll."

"You'll have to trust me, sir," I said.

He looked at me for a moment, very doubtfully. I thought, then said, "O.K., son, seeing it's Christmas and you're my son."

Then he lit his pipe and began reading again about the foxes he intended to raise some day when he had made a little more money grinding bearings at the shop.

Do you remember that Christmas Eve when we were twelve, Dorothy? That was the year we carollers ended our tour with an open-air concert in the park.

We had a new mayor that year and the village was doing things in a big way. The band was out. There was a piano.

Once again you sang your solo, "Silent Night, Holy Night."

And once again the whirring of the crowd was stilled and the late shoppers paused with their bundles. When you had finished I heard people whispering on all sides of me.

You were more wonderful than ever, they said. You had a fortune in your voice. If you could just get the proper chance.

But I wasn't listening much. I was so angry I wanted to rush out of the park and kick something. For it was Ross Arnett who played the piano for you and it was Ross who held your jacket and led you off the platform.

I went over quickly to take you away from him, but when I got there someone else was ahead of me. He was a tall, distinguished-looking man. He was talking to you.

"My name is Valliant," he said. "I'm just visiting here for the day. I teach music in the city. I heard you sing. I think you have a wonderful voice, Dorothy."

"I wish you could arrange to come down to the city for the Musical Festival we're holding the first week in January. I think it might be very much to your advantage."

You thanked him and said you'd let him know, but I knew what was in your mind. It was a long way to go. Your mother was working harder than ever. The laundry of other families hung on the line with her own now. She had more time to wash with your father gone.

As we walked home together we were much too quiet for a Christmas Eve. But my silence now was not because of Ross Arnett. I was thinking of that Musical Festival and how much it might mean to you.

Oh, Dorothy, had I only known what it was going to mean!

Then we exchanged presents. I gave you a little watch that had cost me much too much. You had knitted me a pair of socks. "They're red," I said. "You always know what I like."

We lingered awhile in front

## Continuing . . . The Star That Was Ours

from page 3

of your place and there were diamonds in your eyes. "Oh, Eddie," you said, "you're so awfully good to me. Some day I'm going to pay you back."

I asked if you still had the ring. It wasn't on your finger. "It's too small," you told me, "but I always keep it with me." You took it from a string on your neck and handed it over. I promised to give it back.

That night, when I went into the den, Father was there reading "Rod and Gun." "Well, young man? You have something on your mind, no doubt?"

I told him about Mr. Valliant and the Musical Festival. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I've just been considering going somewhere to buy myself a new lathe. I guess London would be as good a place as any. And this is as good a time as any."

It was a lie, of course. He hadn't mentioned a lathe for a year. He was saving every penny he could for the foxes we were going to raise next year.

I felt like turning a hand-spring. I said, "I'll pay for half the petrol if you'll take us down there, Father."

He looked up in his notebook. "You're owing me

I should have been elad for your good fortune, perhaps.

Maybe I would have been if Ross hadn't been going to the city at the same time. I saw no lights winking at me from the village Christmas trees that night as we walked up to your front porch.

We sat on the steps. You said, "Don't worry, Eddie, it's you I love. Ross will never be anything more than he is now—just a friend."

"But I wish you didn't have to work for his uncle."

You told me there was no other way. You would like to give all of your time to music but it just couldn't be done. The scholarship alone was not enough.

"Please don't worry," you begged. You came into my arms then and pillowed your head on my shoulder. I found your lips in the dark and you clung to me so tightly I thought of the doll you had hugged that Christmas, long, long ago. Then you pointed suddenly to the star over Chapman's elm. Our star.

"As long as it shines for us I'll always love you, Eddie," you murmured.

And suddenly the world was magic again, just like it had been in that long ago. The Christmas trees winked at us and again people shouted greetings through the yellow of open doors.

I said, "I believe you, Dorothy. You'll never forget. You're coming back to me." And when I kissed you again the stars went out of your eyes because you closed them tight, and the doubt went out of my heart because faith had come in, and so had Christmas. I asked for the loan of the ring again.

And yet I wasn't quite satisfied. That night, when I finally went home, Father was sleeping in his chair. "Rod and Gun" had fallen to the floor. I woke him gently.

"Father," I said, "I've got fourteen pairs of first-rate foxes now. Next autumn they're going to make me a mint of money."

Father opened his little drawer and took out his notebook.

"How much is it you're wanting this time, son, and for how long?"

"If Dorothy could have some extra money, Dad, she could give all her time to her music."

Father smiled, just a trace. "And she wouldn't have to work with an Arnett. . . . How much do you think she should have, son?"

"I was thinking maybe a hundred pounds."

He looked at his notebook. "You're owing me already forty pounds, son. . . . Can't throw money around, you know. You think a hundred would be enough? Better double it to make sure."

I felt so happy I almost forgot about the ring. "Father, when you grind you use diamonds, don't you?" I produced the ring.

Father protested, "But not with the kind that would look right in a ring."

But I didn't care how it would look. It would be a diamond and it would mean that you were mine and what it looked like to others wouldn't matter. Some day when I had more money perhaps I would buy you a real one, but not now. Besides, this had always been our ring.

Father finally gave in. "Couldn't stick a diamond in there for a whit less than"—he figured all down one side of the "Rod and Gun"—"not less than fifteen pounds. Fifteen pounds ten."

Do you remember the year we were twenty-two, Dorothy? Were you lonely, your first Christmas Eve away from the village?

Or did the glory of bright lights and cultured flattery make you forget that your whole world was once our village street? That you and the boy next door owned the star above old Chapman's elm? That you had sworn to love him as long as that star burned on?

I went with the carollers as usual that night, but I found it hard to sing. On all sides of me I heard them talking about you.

"One of the best in the country," they said. "She's come a long way from the time we knew her."

Yes, you had come a long way. A discerning young orchestra leader had offered you his microphone. Your voice made him famous, but his rising star could not match your own.

You had sung your way upwards from one band to another. And now you had signed a contract to broadcast.

We were to hear you that night after we had made our rounds and were gathered at the hall. The preachers and the mayor and the politicians were all there to specify your praise.

Then my ear caught a voice I wasn't supposed to hear. "They say Ross Arnett is in London now, too. Playing in an orchestra." They say they're going to be married.

The thing I had feared since that first Christmas had come to pass. The night was no more meaning now, and I left the group to go home.

I went to my room and bolted the door.

I must have stayed there an hour in the darkness, but when your voice began to float through the rooms from the broadcast I rushed downstairs and slapped the radio into silence.

After a while I wandered into the den. Father told me to sit down. I didn't hear. He bellowed at me, "Sit down!"

I sat down then. He asked no questions. He said, "You didn't want her, anyhow, if she was that fickle, son."

My throat choked with a bitter lump and I couldn't speak.

You flew up from London next day. Ross Arnett came, too, and you had a late Christmas dinner at his place.

When you came in to see us a little later, Ross was still with you. I struggled to keep calm. You were more beautiful than ever, I thought. And you were finally dressed in beautiful clothes.

I noticed the triple-mink choker the moment you came in. I made a comment about it to relieve the tension.

But Ross spoke up and spoiled the effort. "Glad you like it. That was my present for Christmas."

I don't know what would have happened if Father hadn't coaxed Ross outside to see the foxes. When we were alone, you said, "I want to pay back the money you lent me four years ago."

You thanked me with the finest words your tongue could find—you owed me so much, you would never forget, and a lot of other things I can't remember now. But I do remember looking into your eyes and thinking how different they were now. No diamonds.

Then you gave me a present. It was a photo of yourself, with "Dorothy" written in the corner. It was a beautiful thing, yet it angered me. Why couldn't you have written something but your name?

I thanked you. I said it was lovely. Then I said, "But it isn't the same any more, is it, Dorothy?"

You looked at the floor. You reached for my arm, but I backed away.

"You love Ross Arnett, don't you?" I demanded.

You didn't get angry. "Ross and I are together a lot, Eddie, but it's only because we're known each other for so long and because we're both doing the same sort of work."

You took my arm again, but I pulled it away. I knew it had happened. It was all over. You were a great singer, famous. I was a grinder in the steel mill with a few foxes in my backyard and nothing else.

I said, "Please don't pretend something you can't feel, Dorothy. I understand." And I didn't want to talk about it any more.

You talked, anyhow. "But, Eddie, it isn't Ross! It isn't anyone. Right now it's music and nothing else. That's the way it had to be, Eddie. Oh, Eddie, is it so wrong for a girl to follow a career for a little while?"

"Until now, I've never had a thing. Would you begrudge me the luxury I can afford now?"

"It won't always be like this. Some day I'll be glad to trade it all for a home and a husband."

I looked at you, silently reading your mind. You didn't want to hurt me, I thought. It wouldn't be so hard on me if you used music rather than Ross as your excuse for breaking us up.

I said, "You're trying to be like Father, Dorothy. You think it will help to say things you know aren't true. Why don't you be honest and tell the truth? I'm a man."

You looked as though you might cry. You tried to deny, explain. But Ross came in and then I went to my room till you went away. And that night when I went down to the den, Father sat there for a long time, "Rod and Gun" unheeded on his knee.

"I wish I could help you, son," he said, shaking his head sadly, "but I guess this is one time when there's nothing I can do. Money won't help. . . . No ring to fix. . . . Nothing. If we could only understand."

Yes, Dorothy, if we could only understand!

If only I might have understood how it really was that day, how much pain I might have spared myself! Had I only let myself believe as I had promised I would, I would have let you explain.

I would have learned about your contract, how you had promised not to marry until the contract expired.

I would have known then that Ross, in spite of his efforts, had nothing to do with the thing which had come between us.

I would have known then that you were holding back the love you felt only to make the little wait a little easier.

How different it might have been!

It's Christmas again, Dorothy! All through the village the trees are winking from the windows at the children going carolling.

And here at home Father sits in his den, still with "Rod and Gun" and his Irish Sunday tobacco.

The presents are piled by the Christmas tree all ready for morning—all of them but the ring Dad plated gold last night and the fox stole I made for you. (I still detest the mink.)

As soon as I finish this note to put with the ring and the coat, I'll wrap them up.

All I wanted to say, Dorothy, is that I love you. I've always loved you, but as long as our star burns bright over old Chapman's elm I'll never doubt again.

The carollers will be coming down our street, Dorothy, and they'll stop here for you to sing to them. Won't you please wake up now? Dorothy, why must you always go to sleep when you put the baby to bed?

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**SIGNING THE REGISTER.** David Wischer and his bride, formerly Moira Fanning, daughter of Mrs. Rupert Fanning, of Melbourne, and the late Colonel Fanning, at St. John's, Toorak. David is son of Mr. and Mrs. John Wischer, Edgecliff.



**LEAVING St. John's, Toorak,** are Mr. and Mrs. David White. Bride was Jacqueline Baillieu, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Baillieu, of Beaconsfield, Victoria. Bridegroom is son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter White, of Mudgee.



**BRIDAL ATTENDANTS.** Bridesmaid Sara Hardern and twin flowergirls Sophie and Priscilla Guest arrive at St. John's, Toorak, for the White-Baillieu wedding. The other bridesmaids were Diana White and Caroline Bailey.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**LOTS** of Sydney folk who are holidaying overseas have decided against a traditional English Christmas this year and are spending the festive season on the Continent.

In the latest letter to her daughter, Mrs. Charles Parsons, Jun., Mrs. C. V. Murphy says that she'll stay over Christmas in Switzerland and will later travel on to France and Italy.

Copenhagen was the destination of Mrs. Leslie Turner and her daughter, Mrs. Lesley Brash, who are staying there with friends. And Mrs. W. E. Roberts, her daughter, Mrs. Pam Manners, and Pam's small son Michael have left London bound for a Christmas in Austria.

**A** WEEK after her arrival home from a nine months' trip overseas, Pat Maclean, of Bowen, Queensland, announced her engagement to Bill O'Donnell, of Woollahra. Pat, who is the daughter of Mrs. M. Maclean and the late Mr. John Maclean, is wearing a solitaire diamond ring.

**MELBOURNE** visitor Mrs. Ronald Nott, who arrived in Sydney this week to attend the Davis Cup matches on December 27, 28, and 29, will stay on here till February for a more romantic reason — the wedding of her niece, Sylvia Smith. Sylvia will marry John Murrell at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on February 24, and the ceremony will be followed by a reception at the Pickwick Club.

**THERE'LL** be at least one gay party in Hampstead, London, on Christmas Eve ... and with three reasons for the gaiety. One, of course, is that it is Christmas, and the others are the celebrations of Jan Jamison's coming of age, and also her engagement to Michael Garnett, of London and Canberra. The party will be held in the flat Jan shares with Janet James, of Canberra, Barbara McClelland, of Wollongong, and Pam Black, of Killara. Jan is the daughter of Mr. Russell Jamison, of Forster, and the late Mrs. Marie Jamison.

**CABLE** from famous film director Herbert Wilcox ensured his nieces Elizabeth Wilcox and Mrs. Chris Housego, of Abermain, N.S.W., a very warm welcome in England. Elizabeth travelled with her sister and brother-in-law, Dr. Housego, and their three children, Judith, Jane, and Simon. They're all looking forward to meeting Mr. Wilcox — and his wife, who is film star Anna Neagle.

**I** HEAR that about two weeks after their arrival in London, Mary Jane Moore, of Bellevue Hill, and Sue Powell, of "Wanna Wanna," Queanbeyan, are planning to go to Austria for a ski-ing holiday. The girls are travelling to England in the Arcadia.



**ENGLISH CRICKETER** Colin Cowdrey stops to talk with Jennifer Jobson, of Vaucluse, before play began in the second Test match at the Sydney Cricket Ground.



**WED AT ST. MARK'S.** John Rankin and his bride, formerly Moira Duff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Duff, of Darling Point, after their wedding.



**CHRISTMAS BALL.** Caroline Waller (left), Flying-Officer John MacNeil, and Karlene Duff at the ball given by the officers of R.A.A.F. Richmond. The ball was held in the Officers' Mess.



**CHRISTENING.** Mr. and Mrs. Michael Jones with their son, Owen Windham, after his christening at St. Joseph's, Edgecliff. Mrs. Jones was formerly Josephine Roche.



**ENGAGED.** Jeanette Mair and Lieutenant Ian McLellan, who announced their engagement at the Graduation Ball at the Royal Military College, Duntroon. Jeanette is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Mair, of Canberra.

**NEWLYWEDS** Ralph and Miriam Hunt, of "Woodvale," Rowena, will spend Christmas with Ralph's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. S. Hunt, of "North Nowley," Burren Junction. Miriam and Ralph, who were married at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, are just back from their honeymoon in Tasmania. Miriam's mother, Mrs. Victor McMahon, of Pymble, tells me that the Hunts will visit Sydney next March for the 21st birthday party of Miriam's sister, Susan.

**AFTER** celebrating her coming of age with a party at Darling Point, Judy McMillan went on to the Hayden with some of her guests, who included Lieutenant Christopher Green, Jeanette Woodforde, Scott Dalrymple, Roberta Beaton, Marlene Robinson, and Ted Cowdery. Judy is just back from Canberra, where she attended lots of parties, among them the Graduation Ball at the Royal Military College.

Anne



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WELL-SHADED Sydney gardens are pictured on this page. Above is a garden in a Pymble home, where shade is made by a graceful deodar tree with cinerarias below.

## PLANTING FOR SHADE

A garden with plenty of shade is a great asset in the hot Australian summer. It is as easy to establish and look after as a sunny garden, provided the gardener knows the plants that thrive in shade.

IF the shade is cast by Australian natives, such as gums, turpentines, and wattles, it must be remembered that many of them will send up surface roots to rob food from the garden beds.

This trouble can be avoided if the roots are pruned occasionally by digging sharply with a spade around the edges of the beds. In addition, food losses must be made up by feeding the beds at least twice a year with compost or manure.

It is also important to keep in mind that a shady garden gets very dry unless it has a creek running through it. So the hoses must be kept going.

If the shade is cast entirely by evergreens, plant a few deciduous trees.

With plenty of water, willows and maples revel in such a garden.

Another gem which should not be missed is Ginkgo, the maiden-hair tree, which is a relic of a very ancient flora.

Camellias are shade lovers, especially if the shade is cast by high trees which let in plenty of light in winter. They are surface rooters and need plenty of water.

Soil must be acid and well drained, and preferably a light to medium loam. A mulch of old cow manure should be maintained on the soil surface and an annual dressing of blood and bone applied under the mulch in about August.

High shade, which is diffuse, also provides ideal conditions for azaleas.

Azaleas resemble camellias in their preference for a well-drained acid soil with a high content of organic matter (preferably leafmould) and plenty of water.

As the roots are within a few inches of the surface, mulch in summer is most important.

Rhododendrons are cold-climate plants and do best if they are protected by high

shade from sun, wind, and frost.

They like the same soil conditions as azaleas.

In cold tableland districts, dogwoods should also be included. They are deciduous shrubs or small trees.

Hydrangeas are another favorite in shady gardens because the flowers last far longer when not exposed to hot sun. They must have plenty of water.

Apart from a topdressing of blood and bone once a year in spring and pruning in winter they need little attention.

Fuchsias like a shady, well-drained place and plenty of water in summer. Apart from

sometimes growing as high as five feet.

The Christmas Rose flowers in winter and early spring. Although suited to open sunshine, this plant blooms quite well in partial shade.

Balsams include shade-loving annuals and perennials with open flowers in rose, soft pink, and mauve.

Most saxifrages like shade, and the variety known as London Pride is a valuable acquisition in a shady garden, being both hardy and attractive.

Primroses need little care beyond plenty of water in summer and a mulch of well-decayed animal manure in spring.

Lily of the valley will grow only in shade. They are shallow-rooted, and like a dressing of leafmould in the winter and plenty of water in summer. Crowns or underground stems should be planted in winter.

Solomon's Seal, which is a little like lily of the valley and is treated in the same way, is another beauty. It has white flowers which hang from an arching, leafy stem, the leaves being held erect, and the flowers exposed.

For ground cover on banks, Ajuga reptans multicolor is excellent.

The annuals forget-me-nots and columbines will do well under high shade.

Gardeners who like bulbs need not feel thwarted, as scillas, snowdrops, arum lilies, callas, and the handsome red and orange clivias will make a splendid show.

### GARDENING

that, all the care they want is a manure dressing and a pruning in winter.

There are many varieties available in a wide range of color combinations. Nurserymen will supply lists.

Among the herbaceous perennials there are many shade lovers.

In spring they produce large feathery plumes of small flowers in crimson, pink, white, or verging on purple.

Foxgloves produce fine heads of flowers in shady gardens,



AZALEAS can make a colorful splash in a shady garden, as shown in the picture of Mr. C. Holloway's garden at Harbord.



KAY MELAU  
SAYS . . .

# Here's your answer

All the girls in the world seem to have boy trouble at the moment. The ones I have answered below take priority over many others this week.

Here is the first letter:  
"MY girl-friend met a boy five months ago and liked him on sight. He hasn't shown anything that might indicate he likes her, but I think it's just because he is two months younger than she. The girl CAN'T get him out of her mind. She's tried going

out with other boys, but it doesn't do any good. Can you make any suggestions? They are both 15."

Chrys, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Can she ask him to her home—with a few other boys and girls, of course? Does she know him well enough for that? Have they any mutual

friends? If they have, she could try praising the boy—I mean praise, not drooling—to the one most likely to repeat it to him. This would be sure to catch his interest. Also through mutual friends she could find out whether he likes her.

The two months' difference in age is nothing.

"I AM 15 and said to be attractive. 'At school I am popular with the girls, boys, and even teachers. But I do not seem to have a boy of my own. I have been liking a boy (16) very much for nearly two years and he seems to like me. Our eyes meet often and he used to say hello to me. His friends all admire me and speak to me. He has many girls and goes out with them often. Some of my friends do not like him because he has red hair. He shows off and flirts with girls. I am a bit shy and blush always if I find boys looking at me. I do not go out with boys and do not like any other boy. Do you think I ought to speak to him, just keep on liking him, or forget him? I have tried to forget him, but have not been successful."

Katherine, Victoria.

You don't say what your parents think of boy-friends for you. If they won't let you

## FOR TEENAGERS

go out with boys there doesn't seem to be much point in trying to start a friendship with this one, does there?

But if you think your parents would not disapprove, why not smile and say hello to him.

(Don't say any more, though, unless he starts talking, too. You will seem far too eager if you do.)

Your friends' talk sounds like sour grapes. Showing off and flirting aren't very serious faults in a boy; while red hair can be very attractive.

## DEBBIE'S RECIPE

This week Debbie makes a luscious chocolate sweet which she serves with ice-cream.

### CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

One-and-half cups milk,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, 3 level table-spoons custard powder, 2oz. dark chocolate, small pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 egg-white,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cream.

1. Mix custard powder to a thin, smooth paste with about 1-3rd of the milk.
2. Heat balance of milk with sugar, stirring until sugar is dissolved.
3. When hot, add chopped chocolate and mix until melted.
4. Pour into custard-powder paste, stirring quickly to keep mixture smooth.
5. Return to saucepan, stir until boiling. Simmer 2 minutes.
6. Cool slightly, add salt and vanilla.
7. Whip cream until thickened, mix half with stiffly beaten egg-white. (Reserve balance of cream for decoration.)
8. Fold cream mixture into chocolate mixture.
9. Fill into serving-dish; chill.
10. Decorate top with reserved cream before serving.

## TENNIS PLAIDS



AMERICAN teenagers are wearing brief-plaid skirts, at right, over panties for tennis. The panties, above, are made in matching material—plaid cotton is the favorite.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

## AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
 <b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20	* Fortunate number this week: 9. Best days are December 28 and 30. Wear bright cardinal-red, in lipstick or handkerchief, and increase your prestige.	* Business could be suspended in mid-air, for all you care. You'll just do the minimum to get by, but underneath there may be currents working in your favor.	* Your home may run itself, or at least you may scramble through essential work in the shortest possible time. The family is not likely to see much of you.	* You'll have small chance of being alone with your beloved, so make up your mind to share him, or her, with others. Find out how the loved one fits in with friends.	* You'll be among those present, you'll enjoy the crowd and the sights, and will be anxious not to miss anything. If you're tired at least you've had your fling.
 <b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20	* Lucky number this week: 4. Best days for action are December 26 and January 2. Gay color combinations, such as electric-blue and golden-brown, bring happiness.	* If you cater to tourists, or if working temporarily in a resort, you should make good money. Otherwise you may spend more than you earn, but feel it was worth it.	* If you are shifting soon, these will be busy days. Removal may be permanent and of the greatest importance. Otherwise temporary changes of residence.	* If you go on a house party with a group of young people, the one and only will be an important factor in your enjoyment. Harmonious relations with marriage partner.	* You are certain to want to try out some new hobby, or repeat a new experience on several occasions. This will bring contacts with congenial, like-minded people.
 <b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21	* Fortunate number just now: 5. Best days are January 1 and 2. Almost any shade of green, in dress, or accessories, will boost your morale, if asking a favor.	* You may have your eye on the main chance in a business proposition, while the rest of the crowd are flat out enjoying themselves. The reward will be excellent.	* A few of the same old grumbles may be heard around home, and generally you grow impatient over them, but this time you may feel you just can't be bothered.	* A plan, to help someone you love, is likely to be worked out shortly and put into operation. This shared enthusiasm is certain to draw both closer.	* There is some possibility that you will cultivate acquaintances who can be of use to you in the social or business world; you're very practical just now.
 <b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22	* Lucky number this week: 3. Best days are December 31 and January 1. Mauve tints, with a touch of white, will bring popularity with your crowd.	* Get what has to be done done on a firm basis, then apportion it out to all those available, otherwise you are sure to be swamped with more than you can manage.	* Don't take sides in a family argument, or you'll regret it. If you do not wish to join in with some scheme, say so pleasantly, and make plans of your own.	* Many of you will be planning details for your wedding, and differences of opinion can become acute, unless tact is used. Seek an acceptable compromise.	* You can make your influence count and swing the activities of your group in almost any direction you fancy, but don't make unreasonable demands on them.
 <b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22	* Lucky number this week: 2. Important days are December 30 and January 3. Orange, the brighter, or accessories, with a suggestion of yellow, favor business.	* Somebody has to be the backbone, the mainstay, and it looks as if you've been elected to carry the burden, yet what you bring off will be genuinely appreciated.	* If you are a young married, older people may be very helpful. If you are a teenager, you may invite a friend your own age to stay with you.	* Be sure the one you love is careful in regard to health this week, or your pleasure may be spoiled by his, or her, absence from the scene of festivities.	* Should you take time out for fun and games, you are likely to abandon your ideas and tackle with happy results a piece of work which has been hanging fire.
 <b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22	* Lucky number at present: 8. Best days are December 30 and 31. Any print containing rose and green, or a flower, or ornament, will help your heart's desire.	* Generally so responsible, you may kick your heels up in the air and say "Let the other fellow put his shoulder to the wheel. I've done my bit."	* It might be possible to make a game out of housekeeping. Should you be bacheling, with the family war, informal hospitality will give you a big kick.	* An offer of marriage may be in the offing, if you're a girl. If a man, serious thoughts of marriage are likely. With older folk there may be a wedding invitation.	* If a parent, you may devote yourself to your children, and seeing that they enjoy themselves. If not, party going, places of amusement will be your goal.
 <b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 23—OCTOBER 22	* Lucky number just now: 6. Best days are December 28 and 29. 1. Wear blues, from light to dark, in combination, and just go sailing along.	* Let the family learn to pitch in and help. If they all do even a little, it will be a load off your shoulders. Don't wait for them to offer, prod them into it.	* You'll either carry out a programme of improvements to your vine-and-dog, with paint brush, or furniture shifting, or you'll lock up and clear out for a change.	* Your best beloved may be touchy, difficult about trifles, and inclined to find fault with everything you do. Try tactfully to discover the source of his worries.	* Don't take it too hard if you are obliged to stay home. Regard this as a challenge to live alone and like it for a few days; with rested nerves you'll be better.
 <b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 23—NOVEMBER 22	* Lucky number this week: 1. Best days are December 28 and 29. 1. Orange, the brighter, the better, will be invaluable for that important date.	* Your job may be right in the background if it is an old story, yet thrilling if it is a new effort. It all depends on your approach whether it drags, or gallops.	* While a disappointment may block your hopes in regard to a bright idea you had, you may say it possible to think up a substitute, which turns out to be preferable.	* Correspondence with one who matters may take up a considerable part of your time. Remember that absence makes the heart grow fonder.	* Endeavor to gaze at or go into the water. Nothing is better for you, since the water is your natural element, and can restore tired spirits, improve health.
 <b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 22	* Lucky number this week: 8. Best days are December 31 and January 3. Greys and lavenders should help you in an unusual transaction.	* This is going to be the pay-off, and you intend to cash in. Whether it will have speculative, business, or social effects, depending on your goal, you're on a winner.	* If buying, or building a new home, all your thoughts may centre on the best way to get the most for your money. Alternatively, you may visit friends in a new home.	* If you're engaged, you'll be concerned with a future home, or the furnishing of a glory box. If married, you show your love by carrying out a joint plan.	* That long-cherished wish is going to come off, and anticipations will be fully realized. Check up on details, or minor annoyances could detract from your pleasure.
 <b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 23—JANUARY 19	* Lucky number at present: 4. Best days are December 28 and 29. Lively patterns, cheerful colors, will give gaiety and energy to your personal affairs.	* You may reach a decision to retire, change jobs, or create a new sideline, shortly. In any case your feelings may be wrapped up in your finances.	* Everybody needs a rest, on occasion, and you may wish to shut out the hubbub which has recently engulfed you. Home life is likely to be quiet and peaceful.	* More dash than usual with you, in so far as romantic adventures are concerned. In some cases the door into an exciting new world will swing open for you.	* Social interests are under excellent influences, but you are looking beyond this to plans which will bear fruit in the New Year. You are apt to be too serious.
 <b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19	* Lucky number this week: 6. Best days are January 1 and 2. Blue and white, particularly navy, should help you to hold your own with competitors and rivals.	* If you hope to improve your working conditions, or if you wish to remove a source of irritation, you may begin to think it over privately before taking steps.	* People may come and park themselves on you. Although you enjoy their company, it does increase the work and expense. Be firm and see they keep up their end of both.	* If you are very much in love with someone who seems not to return your feeling, it is better to make a break now, and try to interest yourself in some other boy, or girl.	* A surprise visit, or invitation, may cause you to drop everything in favor of a new visit, all the more so because it is carried off on the spur of the moment.
 <b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20	* Lucky number this week: 1. Best days are December 31 and January 1. From the palest to the deepest sunshine tints you will find yourself in great demand.	* Your job is likely to be taken for granted perhaps slithered over, while you yawn with workmates, looking forward to a break, but you'll bring off a surprise deal.	* Novel, informal ways of entertaining, simple food may bring pleasure to yourself and others. Many compliments may make the effort well worth while.	* Are you pulled in two directions, unable to decide which of two people matters most? Try to get a better perspective; you may prefer both as friends.	* You'll be a ringleader, the organizer of more than one friendly enterprise with an original slant. A considerable amount of time is likely to be spent in the open.



duty, so it would have been a bit before ten."

"That's fine, Fred."  
"Helps a bit, does it?"  
"More than I can explain at the moment."

"Very glad, I'm sure."  
Fred held out his hand and Trevor shook it. "Best of luck, sir."

Trevor left the garage in mounting excitement. He no longer walked furtively with his head down. His chin was up, his shoulders braced. He had found a thread to guide him out of this labyrinth of horror. It had led him to safety—and Dr. Morrow. The smooth, the handsome doctor with the tell-tale hands. The pieces of the jigsaw fitted and made a pattern without flaw.

He and Jenny had kept a week-end rendezvous at the cottage. Then, Morrow's car being out of commission, she had driven him back to town. He had gone home with her, stopping on the way to make an inquiry at the garage. At the studio, either cold-bloodedly or in a fit of passion or jealousy, he had killed her.

Possibly his feeling for her had begun to cool, or her infatuation might have made her behave foolishly and she represented a danger to his career that had to be eliminated. He had left the studio unseen, as he had entered it. All had gone well for him. Until now.

Trevor glanced at his watch. Nearly one o'clock. He left for the first time in two days, a healthy appetite for lunch and he was eager to share his excitement with a sympathetic listener. He began to hurry.

He and Bobbie Hudson arrived at her flat together. She had a stringbag full of groceries and vegetables in one hand and a large portfolio in the other. They were held up outside the door while she made a frantic search for her latchkey. She groaned with fury as a procession of Brussels sprouts spilled from the string bag and bounced down the steps. Trevor found himself laughing as he had not thought he would ever laugh again.

Over lunch he told his news.

"It's wonderful, it's a big step forward," Bobbie said, as they stirred their coffee. "That's what must have happened. Now all you've got to do is to prove it."

"Prove it? But it's the only reasonable explanation."

"It may be reasonable. It may even be obvious. To us. But nothing is obvious in the eyes of the law until it can be proved. The supposition—and it's only a supposition—that Jenny was with this man during the week-end isn't proof that he killed her. You'd have to find his fingerprints on the weapon to be sure of that. And there weren't any. Either his or anyone else's. You know that."

"All the same, it's something. It's a theory that at least I can offer to the police. It will be up to them to pursue it."

Bobbie stubbed out a half-smoked cigarette and absently lighted a fresh one.

"I can't say I've made a study of policemen. But I have a logical mind. Do you know what I think they'd say if you went to them with this theory? They'd say, 'All right, Mr. Hamilton, we're willing to try and establish the fact that your wife was at Dr. Morrow's cottage on Saturday night. It shouldn't be difficult to do that, for what it's worth. But she wasn't there on Sunday night. She was dead then in her studio, where we found her.'"

"All right, then," Trevor said. "Where was Morrow on Sunday night? We know that he was

## Continuing . . . Deadly Record

from page 13

back in town by ten o'clock. What was he doing between ten and eleven? Let them find that out. They've only got to ask him."

"Why not ask him yourself?"

"Because I'm quite sure he wouldn't tell me. Why should he? I have no authority. He doesn't have to answer my questions. And if he did answer he wouldn't tell me the truth. He's a smooth customer and a clever one. He probably wouldn't even see me, anyway."

"All the same, you've got to keep on trying. This doctor may be a smooth customer, and an elusive one, but you must try to see him again. If you don't accomplish anything else you may worry and scare him. And when people are scared they don't behave normally. They do silly things. Trevor, do you see? You must try everything."

"All right. If you really think it's worth it, I'll go round now."

To Trevor's surprise, Morrow opened the door himself and invited him in.

"Ah, Hamilton, I'm glad you've come. I was a bit off-hand this morning and owe you an apology. You caught me at an awkward moment. I was very busy and a bit worried about one of my patients." Chatting affably, he led Trevor into a comfortable sitting-room adjoining the surgery. From a corner cabinet he produced a bottle of whisky, a siphon and glasses.

"You'll join me?"

Without waiting for Trevor's assent he poured two generous portions. Watching the deft motions, in continued astonishment Trevor had the feeling that he was taking part in a set piece, carefully prepared. Morrow sat down facing him, legs crossed, glass in hand.

"Now then, I'm going to come right out into the open. There's something on my conscience and I want to get rid of it. Your guess that there was something between your wife and myself was correct." He paused.

"Your wife, if I may say so without giving offence, wasn't a happy woman. Probably she never could have been, either with you or any other man, for long. I don't think it would be true to say that I broke up your marriage. It was already on the rocks when I met Jenny. She was neurotic, as no doubt you knew. She was also extremely attractive—and I was lonely. I didn't put up much of a fight, I admit that. We drifted rather quickly into one of those relationships which can spell so much trouble for everyone concerned. From any point of view I have committed an unforgivable offence, and if the B.M.A. got to hear of it my career would be finished. Very properly, too."

As Trevor listened, he found himself being converted to something very like sympathy. Had not he himself been more than half in love with Bobbie Hudson during the latter years of his married life, and found in her the consolation he needed for his own loneliness?

In what way was he any different, any better, than this man? Only in that Morrow had taken what had apparently been freely offered him. Then he remembered. He hardened himself to resist the comparison.

"Look," he said. "To err is human, if you'll allow the cliché. If a man ceases to be human he becomes a saint—or a devil. When Jenny wanted something she was hard to resist. She wanted me once, and might have done again when she'd got you out of her system. But you didn't give her the chance."

"I don't quite see what you mean."

"I'll be more explicit. Jenny

was impulsive and indiscreet. It's understandable that your entanglement with her might have become a trifle awkward. But surely there were other ways of ending it when you chose to do so? You didn't have to kill her."

Morrow gave an exclamation, half rising from his chair. The whisky stopped from his glass. "Do you know what you're saying?"

"Perfectly. I believe Jenny had become an intolerable nuisance to you and a threat to your career."

"Don't talk rubbish. You must be out of your mind. I went into this thing with my eyes open. I wasn't a moon-struck idiot. I knew that Jenny could have ruined me if she wanted to. But she wasn't that type. There was no malice in her. When the time came to call it a day, as it would have done eventually, we'd have remained good friends."

"That's the sort of trite and spurious prognosis—to use one of your own terms—that is easy to make at this stage. You couldn't possibly have foreseen

can check that. You'll have to count me out, Hamilton. Whatever else I may have done to your wife I didn't murder her."

When he reached home, Trevor sat down in an armchair to think. The time was running out. He had had so little and wasted even what he had. The trail that led to Doctor Morrow had petered out in the face of Morrow's alibi. But—had it? Why should it be assumed that this alibi was unshakable? There was only Morrow's word for it that he had been driven straight to the hospital and had remained there all night. He could undoubtedly have been there all night from the time that he arrived.

But what time was that? He had stated that he took a taxi to the hospital shortly after Jenny dropped him at his house. But supposing that he had not driven straight to the hospital? Supposing that he had gone first to the studio and had then driven off to perform his emergency operation? No, there was a flaw in that reasoning. The murder was front page news. It was inevitable that by now a

### Beauty in brief:

## Westmore on make-up

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Hollywood expert Frank Westmore lists soap and water as the most important of all ingredients and offers these simple hints to women who would be beautiful through make-up.

AVOID like the plague, he says, hectic cosmetic colors like purple mascara and deep purplish lipstick—both attention-getters which may look slick on a model, but not on anyone else.

For that smiling expression, shorten the lip line of the upper lip, and extend the lipstick on the lower lip all the way out to the corner of the mouth.

As a measure of correct lip make-up, when a woman smiles naturally the corners of her lips should be in line with the pupils of her eyes.

Lipstick can be made "kissproof" simply by roughing the lips (a brush is preferred for this job), and then rolling a powder-puff across them lightly. Next, with a damp washcloth, lightly dab off the excess powder. Generally speaking, women should welcome their greying hair as inevitable, and never dye it. A bit of bluing is in order. Westmore says the style that fits the face is the one to wear, even if it is not the most fashionable design.

how Jenny would react in such an event. An infatuated woman is the most reckless and unaccountable factor in the whole of nature. I believe you killed her because you wanted to end the affair and were afraid of what she might do to you."

Morrow laughed harshly.

"This is a bit melodramatic, isn't it?"

"So is murder. It's a fact, isn't it, that Jenny spent last week-end with you in Wallingford—the last week-end of her life? And that you drove back to town with her on Sunday night?"

"I could deny that."

"Under questioning? I doubt it. You were seen here in the neighborhood shortly before 10 p.m. An hour later Jenny was dead."

"Then whoever killed her, I didn't. It's true that we came back from the cottage together. Jenny dropped me here soon after half past nine. She said good-bye to me at the door. When I got in I found there had been an urgent call for me from the North Metropolitan Hospital. An emergency operation. I ran round to the garage where my car was being overhauled to see if it was ready. It wasn't, so I took a taxi. I was at the hospital all night. You

taxi-driver would have come forward with the information that he had driven a passenger to the scene of the crime. But Morrow could have walked to Jenny's studio, which would have taken him less than ten minutes, and then have picked up a taxi from the rank by St. John's Church."

The more he pondered this the more convinced Trevor felt that he had the answer. Morrow's over-cordial reception, his abrupt change of manner from hostility to friendliness, were suspicious in themselves.

Trevor picked up the telephone directory and hurriedly thumbed its pages. North, North—here it was. He dialled a number.

"North Metropolitan Hospital?"

"Yes."

"Could you give me some information, please?"

"Is it an inquiry about a patient?"

"No. It's about a member of your medical staff. Doctor Morrow."

"What did you want to know?"

"I want to know what time Doctor Morrow arrived at the hospital on Sunday evening."

"One moment, sir." The voice was a wary one, well used to dealing with awkward

inquiries. "I'll put you through to the hall porter."

A series of clicks. Then a gruff voice, slightly cockney, "Hullo."

"Can you help me, please? I am anxious to try and find out when Doctor Morrow arrived at the hospital on Sunday evening."

"What time would that be, sir?"

"That's what I'm asking. All I know is that it was late in the evening."

"I go off at seven."

"You have a night porter, I suppose?"

"He's off duty now."

"That's obvious. But doesn't he keep a record?"

"Yes, of course he does."

"Isn't it available for reference?"

"It's locked up."

"You're not very helpful," Trevor said irritably. "It can't be as difficult as all that to give me a plain answer to a simple question."

A pause.

"I'd better put you through to Sister Macdonald. She's in charge of Nightingale Ward. That's Doctor Morrow's Ward."

"Please do that, then. As quickly as you can."

More clicks. Then a female voice, brisk and authoritative, "Nightingale Ward."

"May I speak to Sister Macdonald, please?"

"She's not available. This is Sister Blake. Do you want to make an inquiry about a patient?"

"No. I want to know if you can tell me what time Doctor Morrow arrived at the hospital on Sunday evening."

Pause. "Who is it speaking?"

"My name is Hamilton."

"Appleton?"

"No, Hamilton."

"I can't tell you anything about the movements of our doctors. The Senior House Surgeon might be able to help you."

"Can you put me through to him?"

"I'll try."

A fearful buzzing sound now ensued.

"We're having trouble with the switchboard," the female voice said faintly. It was followed by a barking challenge.

"Hullo. Hullo. Who's that?"

"My name is Hamilton. I want to ask a question about Doctor Morrow."

"Not here. Try his surgery."

"I don't want to talk to him. I only want to know what time he got to the hospital on Sunday evening."

"Haven't the faintest idea, old boy. It was my week-end off. Why do you want to know?"

"For a personal reason," Trevor said patiently. "An urgent one."

"Sorry, I can't help. If it's really important, you'd better try the Medical Superintendent. I don't say he'll tell you, but there's no harm in asking. Hold on."

Trevor held on. He held on for what seemed an eternity, his fingers fidgeting, his temper mounting.

At last another female voice, "This is the Medical Superintendent's office."

"Could I speak to him, please?"

"I'm afraid you can't. He's on his rounds. I'm his secretary. Can I help you?"

Wearily Trevor repeated his query. "It's extremely urgent," he added.

"Oh." Pause. Then, "Will you hold on a moment? He's just come back. I'll see if I can get the information you want."

Another long silence, during which Trevor's heart thudded hopefully. The sweat stood on his forehead.

The voice came back again, formally regretful.

"I'm sorry, sir. The Medical Superintendent is not prepared to divulge the information. He says that if you care to write to him, stating the reason for your request, he will consider it."

"But there's no time. I have to know now."

"I'm sorry."

"But you must help me. You must." There was a click.

"Don't ring off—"

No reply. The receiver had been replaced. Trevor groaned in an agony of frustration. Then he heard the buzzing noise again. He was still connected to the hospital.

The switchboard operator was asking cheerfully, "Do you wish to make an inquiry about a patient?"

In despair, Trevor hung up the receiver.

Barely had he done so when he heard a car draw up outside. He glanced out of the hall window. A big black saloon was standing at the kerb. Superintendent Ambrose got out and walked up the steps, followed by Sergeant Carter. Trevor wiped his forehead and opened the front door.

"Ah, good afternoon, Mr. Hamilton. I should like a few words with you. May I come in?"

"I imagine," Trevor said, attempting a smile, "that it would be difficult to stop you."

Ambrose smiled bleakly. "We have our job to do. We don't like it any better than you do."

In silence they went into the dining-room. Trevor indicated the sherry decanter.

"Would you care for a drink?"

"No, thanks. Now, Mr. Hamilton, I have been going through your statement. Frankly, there are certain details that puzzle me. It seems incredible that you shouldn't have heard the car being driven into the garage when your wife returned on Sunday night."

"I've already explained that. I was listening to a concert on the radio. Immediately after it finished I went to bed. I was extremely tired."

"Yes, yes, that's not in dispute. But, surely, after a two months' absence abroad, you must have felt a little concerned that your wife was not here to greet you? Would you not have been especially on the alert?"

"I can only repeat that I heard nothing. I had no idea what time she returned. The last time I saw her alive was when I said good-bye to her on the day I flew to America."

"Come, now, Mr. Hamilton, we aren't the fools we're sometimes made out to be in detective fiction. Your fingerprints were found on several objects in the studio. I put it to you that you waited up till your wife returned, that you saw the lights go on in the studio, that you went in and taxed her with the query exercising your mind, namely that she had been with some other man."

"What if I could prove that she had?"

"That's neither here nor there. Wherever she had been, whatever she had done was no reason for exacting such a penalty. You were her husband, not her judge."

"I don't need to have that pointed out to me. All I can say—and I don't mind how many times I have to say it—is that I didn't kill her. I didn't even know at the time that there was another man. What- ever our differences may have been, they did not arise from that."

"You quarrelled with her about something else then?"

"Not on this occasion. There was no quarrel because I didn't speak to her. I didn't see her. I didn't hear her come back. I've already explained this—but you obviously don't believe me. Why don't you arrest me here and now and be done with it?"

"All in good time, Mr. Hamilton," Ambrose permitted himself another thin smile. Like winter sunlight it softened the sharp outlines of his

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# DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE

● The new British color comedy "Doctor in the House" (J. A. Rank) tells of the experiences, hilarious and otherwise, of four lively medical students during the five years it takes them to graduate as doctors.



**MEDICAL STUDENTS** Benskin (Donald Sinden) at left, Evans (Donald Houston), Grimsdyke (Kenneth More), and Simon (Dirk Bogarde) share sausage supper with Stella.



**EMBARRASSMENT.** New medical student Simon Sparrow (Dirk Bogarde) tries to hide his chagrin as Joy, a nurse (Muriel Pavlow), helps replace the contents of his suitcase.



**SUZANNE CLOUTIER**, French-Canadian star of stage and screen, plays the role of Stella, Kenneth More's provocative lady-friend, in "Doctor in the House." He's the playboy type who fears the day he might have to stop being a student.



**COLLAPSE.** Joy (Muriel Pavlow) meets Simon coming from the operating theatre on a trolley. Grimsdyke explains that Simon passed out while watching his first operation.



**STUDENT TROUBLE.** Milly (Shirley Eaton), the love-sick daughter of Simon's landlady, tries to flirt with him by pretending that she has sprained her ankle.



**IN A JAM.** Simon takes Isobel, a fashion model (Kay Kendall), to dinner, and she turns out to be the most extravagant girl in town. He has trouble with the bill.



# QUICK-EZE

## FOR INDIGESTION!

Acclaimed throughout Australia for swift, sure relief from acidity, flatulence, sour or nervous stomach, heart-burn, dyspepsia.



### HERE'S PROOF!

Dear Sirs, (Extract from letter of 13/5/54)

As you know, different countries have their own particular way of preparing meals, which are quite different from what one is used to, resulting, oft times, in acute attacks of indigestion.

I have tried several remedies in the countries I happened to be visiting. These particular remedies didn't give me the relief I desired. On arrival in Australia I tried your product—Quick-Eze—which I can honestly say brought instant relief from pain.

Yours sincerely,

(Original on file) (Sgd.) R. J. GLENN.

### NO FUSS, NO MIXING—EAT LIKE SWEETS

"Quick-Eze" antacid tablets are a combination of FIVE active prescriptions for prompt relief from indigestion, flatulence, dyspepsia, heart-burn and acidity.

Thousands throughout Australia can now testify to their amazing efficacy in the treatment of digestive disorders.

Keep a packet with you, always, in pocket or purse—take one or two tablets after every meal and forget, for all time, those knife-thrust chest pains of indigestion and the breath-catching burn of acidity.

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PMS 72



1. **BORED** with ceremonies proclaiming her fiancé, Fabius Maximus (George Sanders), right, to be Dictator of the Empire, Amytis (Esther Williams) listens attentively to talk about Hannibal, the Carthaginian conqueror who is descending upon Rome.



2. **CAPTURED** by guards when, out of curiosity, she steals to the Carthaginian camp, Amytis, together with her slave and friend, Meta (Marge Champion), is brought before Hannibal (Howard Keel), right.



3. **ORDER** that the prisoners' throats be slit delights Sgt. Mago (James Whitmore), right, but Amytis, who thoroughly approves of Hannibal but cannot understand why anybody wants Rome, offers to point out key errors in his map of the city.



4. **HESITATINGLY** Hannibal allows Amytis to float him across a river because he cannot swim. As he surveys Rome from the other side an alarm is sounded, and Hannibal flees back to his own camp, sure that Amytis betrayed him.



5. **TAUNTED**, Amytis protests to her captor that she had nothing to do with their discovery and wouldn't betray him.

## ROMAN MUSICAL

★ There are seven songs as well as spectacular pageantry and water ballets in Metro's Roman-style CinemaScope musical, "Jupiter's Darling."

The story is set in 216 B.C., and stars Esther Williams in the title role, with Howard Keel as Hannibal, the Carthaginian hero, Marge and Gower Champion, Richard Haydn, William Demarest, and Norma Varden round out the cast.

Swimming sequences were filmed in color in Florida.



6. **COAXED** to good humor, Hannibal is later visited by Fabius, who tries to bluff him out of attacking Rome.



7. **ROMAN** talk does not impress Hannibal. He is goaded into mounting the attack when it seems that Amytis is a spy. She escapes to Rome. He follows, and demands her return.



8. **MOUNTED** on an elephant with the willing but protesting Amytis in his arms, Hannibal begins the retreat with his army. They are followed by a train of elephants, painted in rainbow colors.





NEWLYWEDS June Haver and Fred MacMurray enjoy a cigarette during scenes in a location-filmed movie in which the actor plays Captain Meriwether Lewis. Movie made the trip to Wyoming as a holiday jaunt.

## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★★ Adventures of Robinson Crusoe

CREDIT is due to every-one associated with this fine film setting of Daniel Defoe's classic, "Robinson Crusoe," which comes in subtle Pathecolor with considerable appeal for both young and adult filmgoers. Specially praiseworthy is the work of young Irish actor Dan O'Herlihy, who brings enormous insight to his playing of the central character. The realisation that for about two-thirds of the film running-time, which covers a 28-year span in Robinson's life, practically no dialogue is heard will give some idea of the difficulties implicit in the part of the hero.

Instead, Luis Bunuel, well known as a maker of Mexican pictures, uses unobtrusive music and sparse narrative as background for the adventure.

The familiar story of Robinson Crusoe remains largely intact. Cast away as a young man on an isolated tropical island Crusoe painfully masters the accomplishments necessary to ensure his survival.

Rescue finds him a middle-aged eccentric who has never wholly mastered his need for contact with other humans.

Unlike author Defoe, producer Bunuel never lingers to moralise. Instead, he prefers to keep the thread of his narrative running free.

Jaime Fernandez is wholly satisfactory as Crusoe's half-tamed servant, Man Friday. In Sydney—Palace.

### ★ White Christmas

THE top-star cast and VistaVision, a new screen process, are the highlights of Paramount's musical "White Christmas."

Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Vera-Ellen, and Rosemary Clooney carry along Irving Berlin's cloying story and provide the film with moments that it would not otherwise enjoy.

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent

★★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

VistaVision, the studio's new high, wide, and deep photography process—combined here with rich technicolor—is clear, sharp, and always restful to the eyes.

Working as a musical-comedy team Crosby and Kaye manage to give a boost to material that is inferior to their talents. They also help to put across Berlin's musical score, which, by and large, is nothing to write home about.

The Berlin title tune, "White Christmas," which Bing introduced in "Holiday Inn" in 1942, has the true Crosby flavor, and "Count Your Blessings" has appeal.

In "Choreography," a sort of dance skit on contemporary ballet, Danny Kaye seems to hit his stride. With sure-footed skill he partners Vera-Ellen, who is slender to the point of emaciation but still dances like a dervish.

Probably the funniest bit of entertainment is the "Sisters" scene, in which, with their trouser-legs rolled to the knees and waffing ostrich-feather fans, Crosby and Kaye do a take-off of film sisters Vera-Ellen and Rosemary Clooney.

The accompanying story is a syrupy affair in which a group of warm-hearted ex-servicemen get together in unlikely circumstances to stage a benefit for their dear old Army commander, Dean Jagger.

In Sydney—Prince Edward and Capitol.

HOLLYWOOD gossip columnists are saying that the second Mrs. Gregory Peck will be a cute little French girl named Veronique Passanie. Peck is currently in London, winding up work in John Huston's "Moby Dick" and preparing for stage work.

face, but there was no warmth in it. "We're often a good deal maligned, you know. We aren't callous. We aren't prejudiced. Above all, we aren't hasty. We take the utmost care to be sure of our facts. In your case, we are not absolutely sure yet. But we hope to be before long." He made a move to pick up his hat.

Trevor fought down his panic.

"One moment, Superintendent," he said. "Please sit down and give me a few more minutes. I think you should know that I've been doing some investigating on my own account."

"Indeed?"

"Will you allow me to tell you about it?"

The detective sat down.

"I don't mind listening to what you have to say."

"First I want to know something. Would you consider it any part of your official duty to give me some assistance if I should ask it?"

"That would depend on the nature of the assistance. My duty is to the Force I represent."

"I see that. But would you also concede that you have an obligation not to ignore any possible line of inquiry that might be suggested to you? By myself, for instance? Even if it conflicted with your present views?"

"Be good enough to come to the point, Mr. Hamilton. I haven't much time to spare."

"Nor have I, Superintendent. I have even less than you. That is why I have been at pains to make the utmost use of it. I haven't been able to do very much, but at least I've obtained evidence that my wife had a lover."

"Evidence in writing?"

"No. Only verbal confirmation so far, but from the man himself. His name is Morrow. He is a doctor with a prosperous local practice, who had been treating my wife for anaemia. I saw him this morning, and he confessed to me that he had been involved with her for some time in what I believe you would call an illicit association. In fact, my wife spent the last night before she died in this man's company, at his cottage in Wallingford. Their movements have not been difficult to trace. They returned together late on Sunday evening."

Ambrose was now listening intently, but his interest was not manifest in the casual tone with which he now interrupted.

"You are suggesting, I take it, that this Doctor Morrow may be the man we are looking for. But evidence of association, uncorroborated at that, is not evidence of murderous intent."

"I grant you that. But what if I can show you that a murderous intention may not only have existed but may also have been carried out?"

"Go on, Mr. Hamilton."

Trevor began to pace up and down, the words pouring out as fast as the phrases marshalled themselves in his brain.

"Knowing my wife's nature so well—she was impulsive and quite reckless in her affections—I believe that she had become a nuisance to this man and a danger to his career. I think he had begun to tire of her and tried to shake her off. In order to keep her hold on him she may have threatened to expose him. Mind you, I have nothing whatever to advance in proof of this. It is only a theory. But it is not an impossible one. And if it's not impossible then it's worth examining. Surely I am within my rights in asking you to do so?"

"You will have to show me that there was opportunity."

"I am coming to that. This is where I need your help. Morrow's version of the sequence of events on Sunday

evening is that Jenny drove him back from Wallingford, and dropped him at his house on her way home, shortly after half-past nine. He says he found a message summoning him to the North Metropolitan Hospital to perform an emergency operation. He hurried to a nearby garage where his car was being overhauled, found it wasn't ready for him, and presumably took a taxi to the hospital, where he remained all night. This alibi is watertight only if it can be established that he went directly from the garage to the hospital. If he did so, he would have arrived there about a quarter-past ten. My presumption is that he did not, and that there was a time lapse during which he could have paid a quick visit to this house and killed my wife in her studio where she was found.

"I think also that the act was premeditated. He must have known that his car would not be ready for him. He had inquired about it the day before and had been told that they were short-handed at the garage and that little work would be done over the week-end. I believe he called there again on Sunday night for the express purpose of being seen there and establishing an alibi. What I cannot find out, since they refuse to tell me, is precisely what time he arrived at the hospital. They have a right, no doubt, to withhold this information from me, but they could not refuse it to you, if you pursued the inquiry. Are you willing to pursue it?"

Ambrose was deep in thought. He said at last: "You have a workable hypothesis, I admit. But there's a bad flaw in it. Do you honestly believe that a reputable doctor, receiving a call to an urgent case, would not answer it with all possible speed? That he would take time off to attend to a private matter of his own? And further, that he would be in a fit state, immediately after committing a particularly brutal murder, to carry out a delicate operation?"

"I don't know the answer to that," Trevor said. "Nobody knows, except Morrow himself. What you can find out, because you have the power to do so, is whether he had the time—the actual physical opportunity to commit the crime. If you don't get anywhere with the hospital authorities you could interrogate him direct, or you could try to trace the taxi-driver who drove him to North London."

"You don't have to teach me my business, Mr. Hamilton," Ambrose said smoothly. "I must remind you that at present I have only your word for it that your wife and this Doctor Morrow were engaged in a love affair. You say it had been going on for some time, yet until today you had no knowledge of it."

"Absolutely none."

"That may or may not be the truth."

"I admit it doesn't sound very likely. But it is the truth. You must believe it."

The superintendent rose. "Well, I must be going. You had better give me Doctor Morrow's address."

He put on his hat and went to the door. In the hall he paused. "There's just one more thing I have to say, at this juncture. It's quite natural for a man in your position to make an allegation of this kind in order to shift suspicion from himself. But you should remember that the 'other man' motive can sometimes be a double-edged weapon. I'll leave you with that thought to reflect on. In the meantime, if

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you wish it, I'll make the inquiry you suggest—in my own way and at my own discretion."

"Thank you. That's all I ask."

After Ambrose had gone, Trevor felt almost light-hearted, so keen was his relief at having enlisted in the superintendent what he felt to be the first signs of sympathy and co-operation.

But the elation did not last long. It was succeeded by the inevitable deflation, a wave of doubt.

Suppose it proved impossible to determine when Morrow reached the hospital? Unless accurate records were kept, it would be a hard matter to check such a thing in a busy hospital whose staff ran into hundreds. Suppose the taxi-driver should not be traced?

And then there was that last cryptic remark of Ambrose's. About the double-edged weapon. What had he meant? That by revealing that Jenny had a lover, Trevor had laid himself open to the imputation of jealousy, the deadliest of all motives?

Shaken and apprehensive, unable to settle to anything, he roamed about the dusty, empty house. If he could not now implicate Morrow, his own case was likely to be worsened. He seemed to be losing the faculty to think coherently.

The telephone rang three times during the next hour. Each time it cost him a greater effort to lift the receiver. The first two callers were old friends—fellow members of his club. He was glad of their sympathy and grateful for their offers of support. But he did not want to talk. He wanted to think.

The third was Bobbie Hudson, and just the sound of her voice lifted his spirits a little.

"Trevor, are you alone?"

"Yes. Where are you?"

"At a shop, trying to match up some material. I can't wait to hear how you got on with Dr. Morrow. Did you get anything out of him?"

"Yes. He confessed—"

"Thank heaven!"

"Hold on. He confessed that he and Jenny had been having an affair. But he has a pretty effective alibi for Sunday night. He was working at the hospital. I don't know if it's possible to break that alibi. Ambrose has been in to see me. I told him about Morrow and he said he would make an inquiry. But I don't know if he can get the necessary information. I don't feel quite so hopeful as I did."

"Oh, Trevor—"

"How soon can you get back?"

"I don't know. I've got to try and match this velvet. It's the most baffling prunel color."

"Come here and talk, Bobbie," he begged.

"Be with you in half an hour."

"Bye, darling."

Trevor went up to his study to wait for Bobbie. The light filtered through the boughs of the flowering cherry outside the window, making a mosaic on the fawn carpet. He sat at his desk, his familiar place, surrounded by the safe, sane, ordinary things of his day-to-day life. His typewriter, shrouded under the leatherette dust-cover, the desk lamp with its green bakelite shade. The sheets of typescript on which was a half-finished short story.

The cigarette he was smoking had burned down and his case was empty. Recalling that he had left a fresh packet in his bedroom, he went upstairs to fetch it. The packet was on the night table by the bed. Beside it lay Jenny's diary. He had put it there after tidying away the rest of her things. He picked it up, and as he did so his expression changed. The

thoughtfulness vanished, the eyes hardened, the mouth grew taut. He stood for a long moment motionless, staring at the thing he held in his hand. Then he smiled.

He hurried back to his desk in the study, taking the diary with him. He pulled the dust-cover off his typewriter, inserted a sheet of typewriter paper and began to type in spasmodic bursts of speed between pauses for concentrated thought. The red leather booklet was propped up beside him. From time to time he referred to the scanty entries for March and April. He tore out the sheet, read over what he had written, frowned, struck out certain phrases and inserted others. He read it over again, this time aloud.

At last he was satisfied. With the sheet of typescript in hand he went into the hall, consulted the telephone directory and dialled a number.

The rhythmic burr-burr at the other end was snapped off short as a voice said "Hello."

"Doctor Morrow?"

"Oh, it's you, Hamilton. I was just on the point of ringing you. What the devil do you mean by sending that infernal detective round here? I presume you sent him—I don't see how else he could have connected me with this wretched business." The voice was loud and rapid, venting a torrent of anger that allowed no chance of interruption.

"Now look here, I went out of my way to be frank and friendly with you this morning. I told you far more than I need have done about Jenny and myself. It seemed the decent thing to do. I didn't expect it to get me involved in the case, nor is there the slightest reason why it should do so. I consider it a very poor return on your part and a piece of confounded malice and impertinence."

Trevor waited until the tirade had exhausted itself. Then he said quietly, "Your association with Jenny wasn't a culpable matter, but it does give the police grounds for making some routine inquiries. If you are innocent of her murder, why should you object to this? You haven't anything to fear from them."

"Innocent? Of course I'm innocent, man. But if it's necessary for this detective to check every detail of my movements on Sunday night he's putting me in a very difficult position."

"He asked you what time you got to the hospital, I suppose. Weren't you able to tell him?"

"No, I wasn't, because I don't know. I can't possibly be specific about the odd half hour or so. It took me a while to find a taxi, and then the fool lost his way trying to find a short cut."

"That's awkward for you."

"What do you mean—awkward? Why on earth should I have to exonerate myself? See here, Hamilton, if you're trying to drag me into this case in an effort to save your own neck I warn you not to carry this too far."

The voice stormed on. Trevor listened with growing satisfaction. Here, if ever he heard one, was a badly frightened man attempting to bluff his way out of trouble. "I might have to pass on to the police several things Jenny told me about you, which wouldn't be likely to improve your case. That you have an extremely violent temper, for instance."

"It happens to be untrue."

"That's beside the point. Whether it's true or not, that's what Jenny said, and if you force me to repeat it I shall do so."

"Doctor Morrow," Trevor said, "we're getting nowhere by indulging in a personal slanging match. I think you'd

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better stop talking now and listen to me. I have something rather important to say."

"Important to you or to me?"

"To both of us. More especially to you."

"Will it take long? I have a lot to do."

"It will take a little while. But, of course, you don't have to listen. You can hang up now if you wish. But if you do so you will be a rather and more stupid man than I take you for."

There was a short silence. Then Morrow said, "Hold on a minute. I'm going to ask Miss Garfield, my receptionist, to listen in on the extension and take a shorthand note of this conversation."

"It will be less of a conversation than a monologue."

"Whatever it is I'd like to have a record of it."

Another pause, during which Trevor heard an exchange of low voices, then a whirr and click, and Morrow's curt instruction, "You can go ahead now, Hamilton."

"Right. As I told you I'm at present the only real suspect in this case and am liable to arrest at any minute. The police have already searched my house and have taken away certain things for examination. There is one item, however, that they overlooked. It's a small object, but a very significant one. I am holding it in my hand now. It is my late wife's diary."

"Well, what about it? Lots of women keep diaries." The tone was scornful and impatient, but it held a tinge of uneasiness.

"I wasn't aware, until now, that Jenny did. It is a complete surprise to me and only shows how little I knew about her. I haven't yet read all of it—it would take far too long. Every page is packed with close writing. I have confined myself to the entries over the past two months—that is to say, during my absence abroad. These are largely devoted to her association with you. They are extremely frank. She seems to have been very much in love with you. There are indications that she wanted to divorce me so that you could marry her. I wonder if you knew this?"

"No, I didn't. The question never arose, at least not seriously."

"Not seriously on your side, no doubt. But perhaps you'd better hear the relevant passages."

Trevor held the sheet of foolscap in front of him and read from it:

"March 2. Why shouldn't T. let me divorce him? I've never asked, but I don't see why he'd refuse. Heaven knows there doesn't seem much to keep us together. What's the use of trying to hang on to something that's worn threadbare like an old coat? It didn't even fit in the first place. I do think Bruce and I could make a go of it. He has so much that T. hasn't. Did have, perhaps, once. But doesn't bother any more. I'll ask him when he gets back."

"This entry seems to overlap on to the next page, March 3. It goes on, 'I think if I could have Bruce, openly, I mean, not this beastly hole-and-corner business, I wouldn't want to dance any more. He could fill my whole life as T. has never done.'"

"The next page is blank. Then, for March 5, there's this: 'Spoke to Bruce today about divorce. Got a shock, like a slap in the face, when he shied off the subject. I assured him he needn't be involved in proceedings. That understood. He still wouldn't discuss it. Suddenly realised that this ties up with a lot of little things that have happened lately. Little things can hurt more than big ones sometimes. Nothing he's said, actually. Dates he hasn't kept on flimsy excuses. Times when

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I had to take the initiative because he didn't. I remember now that the first time I saw him he struck me as a man no woman could hold for very long. Then he was so sweet to me I forgot it. Or perhaps I didn't really believe it. We never do, I suppose, until it happens to us. Well, why can't I take it? What's the matter with me, haven't I got any pride? Why should I try to hold a man who's tired of me?"

Trevor paused. "Are you still there, Morrow?"

"Yes."

"Good. I'm coming now to the entry for March 28. 'I must hold him. I can't give him up. I want him more than I ever wanted anything in my whole life. He must marry me. O, what can I do? When he looks at me now it's as though—There's one thing I can do, and he knows it. I could ruin him. I could accuse him to the B.M.A. of unprofessional conduct to a patient. He's terribly ambitious. If he could see what I've written here he'd kill me.'"

Trevor heard a sharp intake of breath, but no comment. He continued calmly. "That last phrase is a figure of speech, no doubt. There is no mention of a definite threat on either side—except possibly this on the next page: 'Maybe I shouldn't have said what I did last night. After I said I was scared. I think I went too far. But I couldn't help it, he drove me to it. I've never loved anyone as I've loved Bruce. I can't bear it when he—And so on. There's a lot more in the same strain, but I've read enough, I think, to arouse your interest. I don't want to be tedious.'"

Morrow laughed harshly.

"You're worse than tedious, Hamilton. You're ridiculous if you think I'm going to pay any attention to nonsense of this kind. There isn't a word of truth in it. It's the hysterical invention of a neurotic, not the work of a normal and balanced mind."

"Admittedly the spelling is erratic," Trevor said, "but the writing is clear and the composition fluent. I had no idea my wife had such literary ability. Speaking as a fellow craftsman I would call this a pretty graphic record of a woman's mental anguish over the past few weeks. I would go further and call it a deadly record."

"May I ask what you propose to do with it?"

"I shall hand it to Superintendent Ambrose tomorrow morning."

"What good do you think that will do?"

"If it does nothing else it may give him food for thought."

"It certainly won't put my neck in the noose instead of yours, if that's what you're aiming at."

"Strange as it may seem, I'm not so much concerned now with my own safety. All I care about is making sure that whoever killed Jenny is brought to book for it."

There was no reply. Only the sound of the receiver being quietly replaced.

Trevor gave a deep sigh. He tore the sheet of foolscap into

small pieces, went into the toilet and flushed them down the pan. He suddenly felt acutely thirsty. He went to the kitchen and put on the kettle. He wound the clock on the dresser, setting the time by his wristlet watch at a quarter past six. Just then the doorbell rang. He hurried through the hall to let in Bobbie Hudson.

"Darling," she said, astonished, "I expected to find you in the depths of despair, instead of which you look quite pleased with yourself. What on earth have you been up to?"

"I'll tell you," he said. "Come and have a cup of tea."

Ten minutes later he was still talking. "The trap is baited," he finished, "and all we have to do is to set the mechanism. I think we'll have a visitor before very long."

"It's a good idea," Bobbie said reflectively, "but it may not work. He may decide to lie low and let things take their course."

"He doesn't, as I see it. He simply can't afford to let that diary fall into the hands of the police—because of what he believes it contains. He must make some attempt to get possession of it. Look at it this way. This is the only direct piece of evidence, or so he thinks, connecting him with the case. Even though it isn't conclusive, now that the police are already on his track, it's too dangerous. He's in a bad strategic position, from his point of view, because he's guilty. An innocent person can stand up to clever questioning, but it's very hard for a guilty one to do so. He has too much to hide."

"Yes, I see that. It might work."

"It's got to work. Now listen to me, because I'm going to need your help. I think he'll come to the studio entrance, because that's the way he came before and it's the safest approach to the house at night for anyone who wants to be unobserved. I shall go up to the studio myself as soon as it begins to get dark and leave the mews door unlocked so that he won't have any difficulty in getting in."

"But surely," Bobbie interjected, "Morrow won't imagine you've left the diary lying around there so that all he has to do is to walk in and pick it up?"

"Of course not. He won't come looking for the diary. He'll come looking for me, because he'll know I'll have it on me or else locked up somewhere."

"If he gets that far he'll be desperate—and dangerous. He might try anything."

"I hope he does. All the better."

"For heaven's sake, Trevor, be careful."

"Don't go all fussy and feminine. You'll be no use to me unless you keep a cool head. Your post will be here in the house by the telephone, which, as you know, has an extension to the studio. Come out here—I'll show you the switch. You press this down to put the line through from the studio to the exchange."

This makes it an open line, and it means that you can listen in. Now then. Before I go out I'll switch the phone through to the studio and lift this receiver off its hook. If, and when, our tiger walks into the trap I'll knock the studio phone on to the floor as if by accident. You'll hear the crash at this end. Directly it happens ring up Scotland Yard and ask for Superintendent Ambrose. If he isn't there, tell them to radio their nearest patrol car at once and send it here. I know it all sounds a bit rough and amateurish, but it's the best plan I can think up. Now, are you quite sure of what you have to do?"

"Perfectly. I may not be a gifted female sleuth, but I'm a reliable dog's-body."

"The waiting will be a bit of a strain. If nothing has happened by nine o'clock it won't happen at all. All we can do is to say a prayer that it will. Now it's getting on for seven. I'll go and have a word with our sentinel. I'll need his co-operation, too. After I've got him posted I'll go into the studio and stay there. I shan't come back to the house until it's all over, one way or the other."

Bobbie stood up. She held out her hands to Trevor. "Good luck, my darling."

He took her hands and pressed them in both his own. "You'll be all right here? You won't get jumpy?"

"I expect I will, but you can depend on me to do my part."

"You're cold. I ought to have lighted the boiler."

"Never mind about that. I can light it myself."

"It's a brute to get going."

"I'll fix it. I have a masterful way with boilers. They fear and obey me."

"Bobbie—"

"Yes?" she whispered, waiting.

He shook his head. "Never mind, that'll keep."

He released her hands and hurried out.

The policeman on duty by the garage had been changed again. Now it was the first man, the black-haired burly one. Trevor went up to him and offered a cigarette.

"Thank you very much, sir. Don't mind if I do. But I'll save it for later on. Not allowed to smoke on duty."

"Constable, I shall be in the studio for the next hour. I am expecting someone to call and see me there. Whether this visitor comes or not depends on a variety of circumstances. It's a fifty-fifty chance, but if the visitor does come I shall require a witness to what passes between us. Would you be willing to act in that capacity?"

The man looked dubious.

"Well, I've had no orders, sir, except to watch the premises."

"The studio is a part of the premises. You would not be going outside your orders if you were to pay particular attention to it?"

"No, I suppose not."

"I don't want you to come inside. It's essential that your presence should not be suspected. All I ask you to do

is to take up a position close by that window there looking on to the garden. I'll leave it slightly open so that you can see and hear what takes place inside the room. Keep absolutely quiet and take careful note of what happens."

"Could you give me some idea of what you expect to happen, sir?"

"No, I can't do that. I need an unprejudiced independent witness. If I were to explain what I am trying to do it might prevent you from keeping an open mind. I can only tell you that this may be my last chance to avoid arrest for a crime I didn't commit."

"Very well, sir, I'll do it."

Having placed his man in position, Trevor went into the studio. The evening was drawing in. He switched on all the lights, unlatched the small metal window on the east wall, and opened it about six inches. Then he crossed to the main entrance door, unlocked it, and stood outside for a moment, looking up and down the mews.

It was deserted and very quiet, save for the sound of someone tinkering at a car in one of the lock-ups and the whine of a radio from the flat overhead. A thin drizzle of rain had begun to fall. From the wall opposite a prowling cat let loose an amorous wail.

An hour passed slowly by. Trevor sat with his back to the door, his ears strained, his body stiff with tension.

Doors slammed farther down the mews. A car drove out. An owl hooted from an adjacent garden. Three times he heard footsteps approaching. Three times they went by.

The fourth time they stopped outside the door. The handle clicked, turned. Trevor spun round. He was so astonished at the sight of the slim figure in the blue raincoat who stood framed in the entrance that he did by accident what he had planned to do deliberately. He knocked the telephone off the bureau. It fell with a resounding crash. He picked up the instrument, but was unable to replace the receiver because one of the supports of the cradle had broken off.

"Well, what a surprise," he said. "You're not the visitor I was expecting, but do come in just the same."

Ann Garfield closed the door and leaned against it, her head thrown back. Her throat worked and she spoke with difficulty.

"This is not a social call, Mr. Hamilton."

"Isn't it?"

"I've come—"

She paused and held out her hand. "Give it to me, please."

"What, this?" Trevor picked up the diary. He said contemptuously, "I suppose Morrow sent you for it because he wouldn't risk coming himself."

"He didn't send me. He doesn't know I've come here."

Trevor frowned. "I don't understand. This is a matter between your employer and myself. How do you come into it?"

"I don't have to explain that."

"Oh, but I think you do. You will have to do a whole lot of explaining if you expect me to hand over—"

"Mr. Hamilton, please," she interrupted in a low urgent tone, "give me that diary."

"Why? What value can it have for you?"

As he waited for her answer the explanation flashed into Trevor's mind like a shaft of light in a darkened room.

"You're in love with him," he said. "That's it, isn't it? You love Morrow, and you think that perhaps by appealing to me you can save him from the consequences of what he's done. I admire you for it, but you might have saved yourself the trouble."

"He didn't do it," she broke out passionately. "He didn't kill your wife. He couldn't have done it. It's impossible."

"Then in that case, what are you afraid of?"

"I don't know what I'm afraid of."

"You're afraid of me?"

"No, but I think you do. You will have to do a whole lot of explaining if you expect me to hand over—"

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"Then in that case, what are you afraid of?"

"Don't you see? If that diary gets into the wrong hands, no matter what the police do, it will ruin him. You don't know what Bruce's career means to him. It's his whole life."

"I can believe that. I think he'd go to any lengths to protect it. But it means nothing to me. Be reasonable. You can't expect me not to take advantage of every means in my power to get myself out of the trouble I'm in. This diary may be a vital factor in my own defence. What makes you think I would give it up to you?"

"This," said Ann Garfield. She drew herself upright, thrust her hand into the pocket of her raincoat and pulled something out. Trevor found himself facing the barrel of a small pearl-handled pistol. He was not very shaken. The weapon was so diminutive that it held little element of menace.

"Oh, come," he said smiling. "This is a bit melodramatic. Put that toy away and let's sit down and discuss this like a couple of grown-up people."

He went to take it from her, but before he reached her she suddenly crumpled. The pistol thudded to the floor. She put both hands in front of her face and began to cry. She cried in great rending sobs that shook her whole body.

Trevor put his arm about her shoulders and guided her to a chair. He stood watching her, letting her cry. And all the time, he was thinking, "How she must have hated Jenny."

At last the sobbing slackened.

"I'm so sorry."

"That's all right. But you must try not to distress yourself. You've done your best for him. No one could do more."

"You don't understand. I can't let him suffer. Bruce is innocent."

"So am I, Miss Garfield. But Jenny is dead and she was murdered. If neither of us killed her, then who did?"

She lifted her head and said brokenly, "I did."

"You?" Trevor stared at her in amazement.

She hurried on, the words tumbling out, barely coherent. "I thought you would have guessed it. I've been waiting for you to ask how I knew my way here to this back entrance. I knew it because I've been here before. I came on Sunday night—with Jenny. I was just going home when she drove up to the house with Bruce. After he had gone indoors I asked her if she would give me a chance to talk to her. I wanted to ask her, to beg her, to leave Bruce alone. I couldn't go on any longer. I've loved him for years, ever since I first went to work for him. I think there might have been some hope for me if he hadn't met her. There have been others, but no one who attracted him as she did. And always, after the others, he came back to me. This time I was afraid he might marry her. I'd overheard her mention that she wanted to get a divorce. I thought, if I could talk to her, I might make her see that she was the wrong woman for Bruce because she could be no help to him, and that infatuation isn't enough to build a marriage on."

"She said that if I liked I could come home with her, though she didn't see what was to be gained. We came in here and we talked. I said all the things I had planned to say, that Bruce needed me more than he did her, but she only laughed at that and told me that I didn't know what I was talking about. She seemed so happy, so—sure of herself. She said she meant to marry him, but there would be nothing to stop me going on working for him as I'd always done. After that I don't know what happened. It was the last straw."

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### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



### BY RUD



## Deadly Record

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that vision of myself after they were married, just a useful automaton in the background, writing letters, making appointments, answering doors, while Jenny—

"Everything seemed to go blank. My head swam and I didn't know what I was doing. One minute the knife was lying on the table, the next it was in her back and she was falling—I swear I didn't mean to kill her. I don't even remember doing it. I don't know how it happened at all."

Trevor was shaken and horrified, but he stooped over her with genuine compassion. As he did so, he heard the sound of a car turning at speed into the mews and braking hard as it pulled up outside the studio.

"I'm sorry, most deeply sorry. You must have suffered greatly. I wish I didn't have to do what I've got to do, you know that I must, don't you?"

"Yes," she whispered. "Please do it quickly. I'll be glad to get it over."

Later that night Trevor found himself, somewhat to his surprise, drinking a glass of beer with Superintendent Ambrose. The detective had unbent a little, but there was still a touch of severity in his manner.

"I hope you realise," he said, "that you had a narrow escape from making an unfounded charge against an innocent person. Let that be a lesson to you, and to other amateur detectives, not to do our work for us."

"As an innocent person myself," Trevor countered, "I had an even narrower escape from having a charge brought against me. And at least I found your murderer for you."

"Only by using methods no policeman would regard as ethical. You mustn't expect me to approve of the course of action you took. That diary should have been handed over to us directly you found it. By withholding it you have been suppressing important evidence. You'd better let me have it now, by the way."

Trevor said, "Certainly." Without a change of expression he pulled the diary out of his pocket and passed it to Ambrose. Ambrose took it and tucked it inside the breast of his greatcoat.

"I shan't worry you now, but we shall want a full statement from you in due course covering the events of this evening. Fortunately we now have a signed confession, so there will be no need to go into much detail regarding your—dubious activities. Well, I must be getting along. I've a good deal to do yet before I go home to bed." He stood up and held out his hand.

"Good-bye, Mr. Hamilton. I'm very glad indeed that you have cleared yourself. I hope you don't bear a grudge

against me for having suspected you?"

"Not in the least," Trevor said as he shook hands. "The case against me looked so black that I'm surprised you gave me as much as two days of freedom. Anyhow, thank heaven you did." He added, as Ambrose moved toward the door, "One moment. I'd like you to take a look at that diary before you go."

Ambrose said, "As you wish." He extracted the booklet, opened it and began to flip over the almost blank pages. He frowned and glanced up at Trevor from under his eyebrows. "I don't understand. There's practically nothing in it."

"I know."

"Is this a joke?"

"I suppose it is, in a way. A rather grim one."

"Do you mind telling me—"

"The explanation will keep till tomorrow."

"It had better be good," Ambrose said darkly. He rammed on his hat and went out. The front door closed behind him.

After the sound of the police car had died away up the road the house seemed very still. Trevor went into the kitchen. Bobbie was sitting at the table staring absently in front of her.

"That poor girl," she said, as Trevor came in. "I can't get her out of my mind. What she must have been through—"

"She's got worse to face yet, I'm afraid."

"Do you think Morrow will stand by her?"

"I hope he does, for all the good that'll do her. There's just a chance, I think, that the charge might be reduced to manslaughter since the crime was unpremeditated."

Bobbie rose and came to him, her face grave but serene.

"It's all over," she said. "Do you realise that? I feel as though both of us had had some ghastly nightmare, and now we have wakened up to a sane and normal world again. We can shut out what happened and think only of what lies ahead."

Trevor's arms went round her. They stood very close in the quiet kitchen, hearing the tick of the clock and the beating of their own hearts.

"Darling Trevor—"

"Yes? What are you thinking about?"

"I was wondering—"

"Yes, my dearest—"

"I was wondering if you could manage to eat something? I forgot about them in the general stress of events, but actually I brought some kippers in with me—"

Trevor's arms tightened about her. He burst out laughing. "Try and take your mind off food for once. We have more important things to talk about."

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## LATEST JERRARD TICKELL NOVEL AS OUR NEW SERIAL

WE are pleased to announce that, as our new serial to open in next week's issue, we have secured Jerrard Tickell's latest novel, "THE HERO OF SAINT ROGER."

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Don't miss the opening instalment of this very diverting serial in next week's issue.

and from the car, arms laden, patiently standing in line at the window.

It was cold. The sky was a sulky grey and lazy flakes came drifting down.

"Jeepers," cried her youngest, when they were ready to leave, "what a rat race. I'm sure glad it's over. I hope it snows eighteen feet. Boy!"

His mother climbed into the car. "Eighteen feet! Are you unhinged, what with old Maxwell's arthritis, your father's bad back, and Pete not yet home to shovel—to say nothing of the power going off if we have a big snow."

"Okay, okay," young Howard said cheerfully. "I'll settle for three feet and no thawa during our vacation."

During that week the wreaths went up on the doors, the terrace flower boxes were filled with branches of brave black alder and the whole house bloomed.

Shabby, smiling angels flew from doorways, dangled from the mantelpieces. Miniature sleighs, equipped with the customary drivers, loaded with tiny gold-wrapped packages, appeared on tables and in front of the fireplace.

Incoming packages were put in the library so Cathy could shake them gently, turn them over in her hands and ponder, curious but untempted, upon their contents. Howard might stroll in and deduce, "That's another tie from Aunt Em or I'll eat it and perish," and Cathy would look reproachful.

To her, contents didn't really matter, for a package was a package and carried its own excitement. She loved everything she received, even if, so to speak, she hated it. Besides, the only presents which held real importance were those from Howard, their children, her parents, and a few people close to her.

"How much have we spent this year?" Howard inquired.

"About as usual," she answered. "How does that look? Put the silver ball up there; there's a bare spot."

They were trimming the tree after a buffet supper. Everyone was home. Sandra was mooning around; her yellow hair dishevelled. Sandra was, regrettably, in love with a boy who owned the most disreputable car in town.

As for Pete, he was smoking, in a corner, wondering how, having asked Dolly ages ago to attend the Country Club get-together, he could manage dances with Jamie, who'd be coming from Daleport with Frank Anderson.

Suddenly, the younger generation vanished, trooping noisily upstairs to the television room, arguing about programmes, and Cathy sat back on her heels and looked up at her husband.

"You'd think they'd stay down; we always trim the tree together!"

"It's about trimmed, Cathy." He scooped her up from the floor and propelled her towards the biggest chair. They collapsed into it. "Grow up . . . Oh, I suppose I wouldn't like it if you did."

"What do you mean, grow up? She leaned to kiss his temple. "Me? The busy housewife, garden-clubber, civic worker, and mother of five?"

"That has nothing to do with it. Look: the kids love all the exhaustive, exhausting work you put into Christmas—maybe they don't know how much, but some day they will. It's just icing on the cake, at present. They have their own concerns."

Cathy removed herself from his lap. Her face was dirty; her hands were sticky. She wore a denim apron over her dress.

"Seems as if," she said, hurt, "each year they lose something. Remember when they were little and you were Santa Claus?"

"Good heavens, woman, I still am, come January first!"

"I don't mean bill-paying

## The Christmas Heart

from page 7

Santa Claus, with pillows, a red suit, and a white beard, by the fake fireplace. Oh, Howard!" She sat down on his knees. "Remember how we trimmed the tree Christmas Eve after they were in bed and you put all the toys together?"

"And staggered off to bed at two in the morning," he murmured, "rising by six in the cold pitch dark with the dear little fists hammering at the door or the dear little voices screaming from a crib. Them days is gone forever."

She said, "It's never meant to you what it has to me."

"In my way, yes. I admit it isn't your way. I confess that I believe we spend too much and you wear yourself out . . . I love it, Cathy," he said, "but—"

The bell rang, chiming, and Cathy rose. Sometimes the neighbors came in, at this season, with holly, packages, home-made preserves.

She tore into the washroom to powder her nose, renew her lipstick, and comb her hair. She heard the murmur of voices, Howard's deep, distinct, and the light voice of a woman.

She emerged just as Howard ushered Mrs. Renton into the disordered living-room.

A new neighbor, thirty-odd, Cathy judged, and very pretty. She had bought the salt-box

peration at Harriet's sequined jersey hood.

They tramped down the driveway and across the road.

The lights were on in the house, plus candlelight behind hurricane shades; everything

glowed, including the tree in the living-room, which upset

Cathy, unaccustomed to phosphorescent trees.

The children tramped about,

exclaiming over the random

floor boards and exposed beams,

and when Harriet ushered them

into the living-room, stood

transfixed. Light spilled from

furniture, crystal bric-a-brac,

and bits of porcelain.

And there was the tree, stand-

ing on an 18th-century table.

The tree was small and fat and

blue, the branches looked as if

wrapped in fur. The orna-

ments were silver.

"How perfectly gorgeous,"

cried Sandra in her clear voice,

and Lolly moved close, fasci-

nated. The ornaments were fan-

tastic—little glittering glass

birds, horses, kangaroos, mini-

ature cocktail shakers filled with

silver liquid. Harriet tinkled

with laughter at Cathy's

stunned expression. She touched

the tree, which also tinkled.

"It's precious," said Sandra,

and Pete nodded.

"This is the prettiest room,"

said Lolly. Gardenias bloomed

in pots, camellias floated in sil-

ver bowls; the mantelpiece bore

greens, tied with blue satin

and at each end a post-grad-

uate angel, her halo tilted, her

expression a trifle too naive.

Now they had to stay for

refreshments; with Pete, proud,

acting as waiter at Harriet's

wish. "You're young," she said,

"and so very tall and strong."

It was an hour later when

they reached home. The kids

all talked at once. Cathy

gathered that Mrs. Renton was

super, the house a dream, the

tree cool and crazy; in fact,

everything was completely

gone.

And after the exclamations

Sandra said thoughtfully, "May-

be she's got an idea there, to

take it easy. Not like you,

Mom; you take Christmas so

hard."

Pete said, "Of course, she's

broken with tradition, but some-

times that's a good idea."

After which the younger gen-

eration retired . . .

Cathy surveyed her living-

room. "I'm beat," she admit-

ted. "I'll finish, and I'll clean

up tomorrow. Mrs. Edgar can't

come, and it's beyond sanity to

think the kids would give me

a hand."

He put an arm lazily around

her. "I wish I could stay home

and help."

"I've heard that before; and

you don't wish it." She snapped

out lights. "Let's go to bed."

Later, from the dark, she

made inquiry. "Do you really

like Harriet's tree?" she asked.

"Cute," said Howard sleepily.

"Unusual." He turned over.

"You didn't?"

"No."

But he was asleep.

She thought, "All right. I'm

a fool to knock myself out.

Next year they can have a mod-

ern tree, all brittle idiosyncrasy.

Sleek, she'd heard Pete call it.

He called Harriet that, too.

"Me, I could be sleek if I

spent more time on myself and

less on them. They don't ap-

preciate it. They're just toler-

ant of me. It's mother's little

madness; play along, to pre-

tend it's fun . . . Next year

they can have one of those

mobile things, for all I care,

and I'll spend a week in the

beauty parlor and another rest-

ing. Next Christmas I may not

look like Harriet, but I'll feel

like her. Like a whole person."

She thought and, in the dark-

ness, wept a little.

In the morning she woke,

tired. Her fatigue increased as

Howard took off in the station



house across the way that autumn. She was divorced. It was said that in her youth she had been briefly on the stage.

Now she wrote for television, spent most of her time in the city, but week-ends she gave gay parties. Cathy and Howard had been asked several times.

Cathy rather liked Harriet Renton, or perhaps envied her a little, her house, antiques, and, even more, her remarkable maid of all work and the garden.

"I'm sorry to barge in," Harriet apologized, "but there's a fuse or something and I let George and Sadie go to the movies."

"Relax," said Howard. "I'll fix it. Coffee, ginger ale?"

"I couldn't. I've been in town all day. I'm bushed." She looked at the bright disorder of the living-room. "You really have the spirit," she said, smiling at Cathy. She made it sound pleasant, if simple-minded.

"Cathy," said Howard, "is Mrs. Santa Claus and his helpers!"

"Now," thought Cathy, "I'm really mad at you, Howard Owens. As if I were an idiot child."

She said defiantly, "I like knocking myself out, even if Howard thinks I'm nuts . . . Run along, and fix the fuse."

Harriet smiled. "If only," she said, "I had the time and incentive. But a woman alone—"

She smiled at Howard. "I do," she admitted, "have a great, grown son, but he and his wife are in Germany. So

"Antoine," Harriet explained. "He gets odd notions at times, but it always turns out for the best. I do get so sick of my everyday face."

Pete, with open-mouth admiration, said, stammering slightly, "Well, I bet you're the only one who does get sick of it, Mrs. Renton."

"Why, Pete," said Harriet, "how wonderful—but you probably say that to all the girls." She looked around the room and added in a kindly way, "I hope you appreciate all the work your mother puts into this charming Christmas house."

Said Lolly, "We've always had a Christmas house, but when I see how Mom kills herself—"

"Slaving over a hot tree," added Pete brilliantly.

Young Howard, chewing on a rubber band, said loyally, "Well, she has fun, anyway. Don't you, Mrs. Renton?"

Harriet sighed. She said, "Not in the same way. I'm afraid I've outgrown—well—this kind of thing."

"Don't you do anything about Christmas?" asked Lolly.

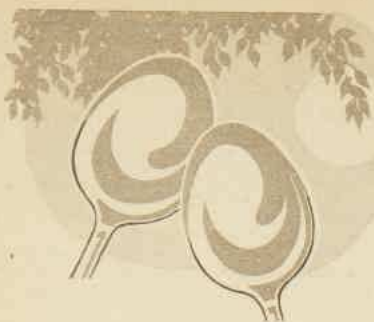
"But of course. And when your father has the fuse fixed we'll go over and see."

He came in presently. And in six minutes they were going over to admire what Howard referred to as the darndest tree he ever saw; but, yes, he liked it.

Cathy, mindful of her sinus, tied a shapeless wool thing over her hair and looked with exas-

To page 36





## Spoons in your life

You may not have been born with a silver spoon in your mouth, but you probably cut your teeth on one. Later it was a spoon, remember, that enabled you to take jam with those nasty powders. And ever since, and every day and many times a day, you have depended upon a spoon. Isn't that proof enough that spoons are meant to last a lifetime? And so they will, even plated spoons, with a little kindness and the proper care.



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waggon for the train. The kids didn't get up, except young Howard, who had breakfast in the kitchen. It was a fine time of year to be without help. Lola, who lived in, was home with an invalid mother, the cleaning woman had flu.

She was wrong about the kids. Young Howard took off, but Lolly and Gwen, between important engagements, gave their all, interrupted by terrific personal battles, and Sandra, appearing at noon, did some dreamy dusting.

Pete, who had a date with Janie over in Daleport, came down at two and ate nine days' rations.

After a while she was alone in the house. Everything was in order. The incoming packages were stacked neatly in a clean library. The tree was beautiful and brave. She looked at it numbly.

She went upstairs to tidy up the children's rooms. They were supposed to do it themselves; prodded, they usually did. Not today. Hurrah, this was Christmas!

Suddenly she heard herself whimper. "I feel so ill," she said aloud. "I feel so ill." What was wrong with her? Maybe she was coming down with flu! But she couldn't. Lola would be back soon, but Cathy had to give her a hand. Mrs. Edgar might not be well enough to work over the holiday. This year Cathy's sister, husband, and two children were coming.

"Why did I ask them?" she inquired, bewildered. "I don't want them." She didn't want anything or anyone. "I'm so tired," she thought. "My head hurts. I'd like to stay in bed for a week. I'd like to take a drug that would knock me out until January second."

"I'd like to sleep and let Christmas go on right around me. I don't want to trim another tree or hang a stocking or hear a carol as long as I live. I'd like to take all the presents out to the ashcan."

She went downstairs and looked around. Lovely. The neighbors, including that siren, would come in crying. "Lovely! What a lovely house!"

It wasn't. It was ridiculous. Practically everything on the tree and elsewhere was old and shabby and falling apart. A week of work had gone into this nonsense. Weeks, really; no, years.

She sat down and looked at the tree again. Just a big tree—the ceiling would be marked again and Howard would yell—with too much on the branches.

It was fixed into a standard filled with water, but the needles would drop just the same and it would die. Fine end for a good tree. Two globes had fallen and broken. She thought, "Probably the lights won't work."

It was an effort to crawl under the branches and test them, but she did. Something was wrong, so she took out some little bulbs and replaced them; fetched a dustpan, swept up the sharp glittering fragments, emptied the dustpan, looked at the clock, and thought, "I didn't have lunch." And then, "I haven't wrapped our things!"

Well, Howard was taking them out to dinner tonight; she had time.

As she wrapped, and wrote cards: Lolly with love from Mother and Dad . . . Pete with love . . . everyone with love . . . Cut the paper, right size, be careful with the ribbon . . . Gwen with love . . . She thought, "If she doesn't like the sweater, I'll kill her. Personally. I think she's young for the fake pearls, but—"

She looked at Pete's pipe. The only thing he wanted, he said, except socks, ties, a good camera, a tennis racket.

## Continuing . . . .

Howard's bill clip. He'd say she was crazy. She had been. The gold gadget he'd never use, made to order in the shape of the numerals 20—for twenty Christmases together. She held it in her hand. It's silly, she decided.

What would he give her? A cheque and some lingerie; a cheque and a negligee. When did she have time for negligees?

Last autumn she'd seen the little star-shaped platinum earrings set with tiny sapphires. She had looked at them a long time.

Howard had asked, "Like 'em?" and she had said, "They're wonderful," and he'd said, "You should have married the Aga what's-it." Even if he remembered and gave them to her she wouldn't care.

The telephone rang. It was Lola calling from home. She'd be back Christmas Eve, which was tomorrow.

"If I live that long," thought Cathy. Tonight the kids were having friends in, not separately, but together—after their dinner out. They did this every year. It was the one party they ran themselves.

"In heaven's name," she asked herself, "how could I forget? I never attempt to clean up till tomorrow!"

They went out to dinner, as soon as Howard came in, to a little place in the village. Everyone they knew was there, practically, except, of course, Harriet, who wouldn't be found dead in a tea shop.

All the women were waiting that they were dead on their feet; all the men looked harassed; everyone said, "Merry Christmas," and "See you at the carol sing."

Tomorrow night, on the green between the churches, they would sing under the stars, and go to the candlelight service afterward.

She thought, "I won't go. I'll make some excuse. It wasn't necessary."

It grew warm in the night and they woke on Christmas Eve to steady rain, a downpour. That cancelled the carol-singing.

It also kept the kids—and Howard, always home, Christmas Eve—underfoot. The kids built a hive of activity, upstairs, slamming of doors, rustling of paper, giggles.

Cathy doggedly filled stockings. How sick they must be of it, she thought. Young Howard of magic tricks, harmonicas, puzzles; Pete of shaving stuff, hair stuff, toothpaste; Sandra, of lipsticks and cold cream, and bobby pins; the little girls—"Oh, well," she thought, "I hope someone fills mine with aspirin."

The radio was going. Carol! "I'm so tired of carols," she thought; "they do them to death."

Howard poked his head in the library door. "Can I help?" he asked brightly.

"No. Go 'way. I'm 'most done, then I'm going to take a nap." Then she looked at him in horror. "I thought you'd gone to get Lola!"

The phone rang. It was Lola, plaintive. And Cathy moaned. "He forgot. Take a taxi."

Lola arrived, full of information about Mamma's gall bladder. "The tree's prettier than ever," she said. "You look tired, Mrs. Owens."

"I just haven't had time," said Cathy dully, "and the all-ages party was last night. They swore they'd clean up."

"Lick and promise under the rug," said Lola scornfully. "Just you leave me catch my breath and I'll clean up. You fixin' to go to the carol sing?"

"In this rain? Of course not," said Cathy. "It might be a good idea, at that. I could get pneumonia and

# The Christmas Heart

from page 35

wouldn't have to live through another Christmas . . . No. Someone else might get it, not me. Oh, why do I do this every year?" Never again, she promised, never again.

Lola cleaned; the vacuum whirled. Howard and the kids were banished from room to room. "If we don't get a TV set with a decent-sized screen next year," roared Pete, "I'll adopt new parents."

Cathy looked at Howard. The tears stood thick and sudden in her eyes. Pete wouldn't be home, next year, maybe . . .

She dragged herself upstairs. "Something on a tray," she muttered feebly. "I'm out on my feet."

Sandra asked anxiously, "But you'll come down to hang the stockings, Mother?"

"Oh, sure." The show must go on even if you didn't care, even if you thought you were dying.

Howard brought up the tray. "Feeling awful, old girl?" he asked gently.

"You can say that again, but don't bother." She drank the soup, nibbled the crackers. "I just want to sleep. You through supper?"

"Sure. The kids are helping wash up."

He took the tray, and Cathy turned off the lights. People tiptoed past her door. "I'll just lie here," she told herself; "I won't get up till Easter. Why do I do this, why do I work myself into a frenzy? They don't really care. I don't care, either. I'm so darned tired!"

She was asleep when Howard came to bed, and did not waken, but some hours later she did, fully and wide, and lay in the darkness, hearing the dreary rain slur against the panes.

"Howard?" "Huh?" He came to life, half sat up, asking, "Anything wrong?"

"No. Howard, could you get away some Christmas? I mean, couldn't you take a winter vacation, too?"

"I might. Why?"

"Let's go somewhere next Christmas," she said, her voice rising. "Let the cards—did you ever see so many cards?—and presents pile up. Let's not send any, let's not care what people think; let's go to Florida and lie in the sun, or, if you'd rather, Quebec, and ski. Not that I ski."

He said, "Okay, it might be fun at that."

She said, "No running around, no wrangling, no— Her voice trailed off, and she added sleepily, "I suppose not; it would cost the earth."

He listened; she was asleep. In a moment, he also slept . . .

Cathy woke in the dark, still morning with a sense of unreality. She looked at the radio clock; the lighted hands said six-thirty.

She stretched and took a deep breath, but before she could speak footsteps clattered down the hall, fists hammered at the door, and voices cried, "Merry Christmas!"

"At this hour?" groaned Howard.

Now they came in. Pete's bathrobe was too short and his ankles were too thin. Sandra looked seven instead of seventeen; Lolly and Gwen were rosy with excitement; and young Howard, in his woolly pyjamas, was white.

"Get up," they chorused. "Get up!"

Cathy held out her arms. One by one, they came into her embrace; one by one, they fell upon their father.

"Hurry," commanded young Howard.

This was the ritual, the waking, the creeping down for the

stockings, the brief return to bed, and then Lola's breakfast, which everyone forgot to eat, and the tree and the strewn wrappings.

The door banged behind the young, and Howard came over to take Cathy in his arms. And Cathy said, "Why, it's Christmas!"

"So it is." He kissed her. "Darling," he said.

"Darling."

"How do you feel?"

"Wonderful, and so excited. I'm a little sick with it." She put her thin arms around him. She said, "Aren't we lucky?"

"You are," he answered, and took a little box from under his pillow. "The routine things, they're for public display," he explained.

Her fingers shook as she opened the box and looked down at the little stars. She fastened them in her ears and her face glowed.

"You insane man," she said happily, and fished in the night-table drawer. "Of course you'll never use it," she warned.

He turned the clip over in his fingers. He said, "You mean I won't use it slow enough. Twenty. Twenty Christmases."

Cathy asked, "You didn't really like Harriet's tree, did you?"

"Why sure," he said, smiling. "It suits Harriet just fine."

"What was wrong with me, these last few days?" she asked. "I—I just hated Christmas. I thought I was dying; I hoped I'd never see another—"

"Just like last year," he said, "and the one before, and all the years before that."

"Every year?" she asked incredulously. "What brings it on?"

"Excitement. Planning. Exhaustion. And sometimes an outside factor."

"Like what?"

"Pete's measles one year; Sandra's crush on the revolting boy last year; another time Lolly's flu. Once it was the cook leaving—you remember, old Anna? Mostly it's something I do. This year," he said, his eyes twinkling, "you blew your fuse when Harriet blew hers!"

Outside, young Howard was yelling, "If you don't come down we won't wait." They heard his bare feet running down the hall.

But they were in each other's arms again and Cathy said dreamily, "Isn't it funny how I always forget that I crave up just before Christmas?"

"We're used to it," he told her. "Come on, Cathy."

They came down the wide stairway, hand in hand; Cathy in last year's Christmas negligee, a little loose, and Howard in his best bathrobe, worn only at this season and smelling of mothballs. At the foot of the stairs the children and Lola waited.

The tree blazed with light, light was scattered over the room, light was everywhere, on the angels' wings, caught in the holly and mistletoe, spilling from the bright packages.

Pete had lit the fire laid last night, the sleigh and Santa rode safely beyond the fire-screen, rosy with firelight.

"Get a look at those crazy parents!" said Pete, his voice a little roughened.

Smiling, their mother and father halted and looked down at the upturned faces. Cathy's eyes filled, and Howard held her hand tight.

The stars were shining at her ear-lobes. The stars were shining everywhere. The Star shone in her heart.

"Merry Christmas!" everyone cried in unison, and it was as always it was.

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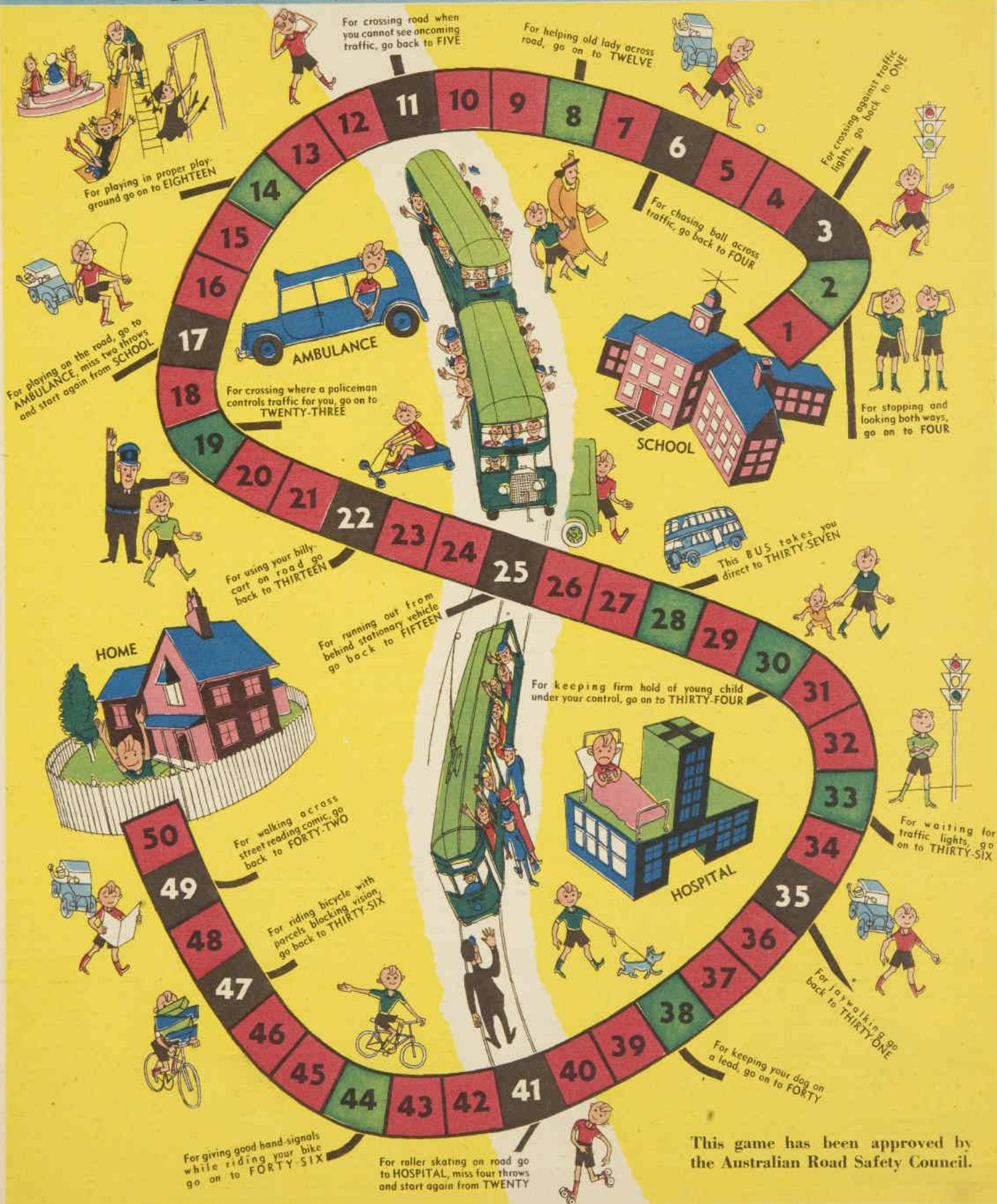
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This game has been approved by the Australian Road Safety Council.



# Continuing . . . . Through The Invisible

from page 9

played them well, and she had perhaps played best those roles in which from the hateful and the horrible she had drawn the cry for beauty lost that is the true horror of horror, so that her audiences had wept for the shown deed and three-fold for the unshown death of beauty that had bred it. Only she had thought that she had not played them well enough.

"A highly corny statement from anyone else, you say you sent your soul," Sol said. "But when anyone saw you act, they thought so, too. An actress who can do that can't ever stop doing it. It's stronger than you."

She looked past him and her face was suddenly startled in expression, as if at a just that might be at her own expense. She said, "At last, maybe, you've got something, Sol. Perhaps I did do it—once. Perhaps it is stronger than I am!"

Twenty voices assailed the breach of the admission. She was listening to something entirely different; the small fingering of the sea in coral rubble.

Two weeks ago, recovering from illness, she had walked under a great sunset on the Keys of Florida, and thought, that must be the loneliest sound in the world. The sunset and the sea held the Keys in a single flame, as if they lay darkly across an hibiscus flower. There was purple on the reefs and a flush of darkest rose on the brown-fruited naiseberry trees that were like the apple tree that grew in Eden, and moonflowers were making white carpets and thick perfume on the sand.

And under flush and perfume was cruelty in the large shape of Mrs. Fries and the triviality of broken china. While from Mrs. Fries' Cottage Rental Office a man and dog went out into the sunset.

"That is him as I told you of," Mrs. Fries said loudly, folding great arms on the counter. "Now what I say, Miss Garth, is as there are places for men like that with everything provided!"

When Marguarite had arrived that morning, Mrs. Fries had said, "We have one of our dear, wounded boys here. Of course, nothing is too much for him . . ." And tears of sudden self-approval had glittered in Mrs. Fries' hard eyes.

Now the one remaining yellow tooth in Mrs. Fries' lower jaw winked above the purplish puckering of Mrs. Fries' lower lip as Mrs. Fries complained.

And Marguarite, pausing by the counter, found interest in the problem of how Mrs. Fries could have become anything as hateful as Mrs. Fries.

"And that dog of his—a Seeing Eyes!" Mrs. Fries said. "Well, when the post of my own front porch as it happens to, I feel I have my right to speak!" (The tenant's name, Marguarite recalled from the register, was Hugh Malcolm.) "Mr. Malky, I think you might use consideration in an animal's actions, even if he is a Seeing Eyes!"

"He puts his hand on the dog's head. You had a fall from grace, Fellow?" he says, trying to make out as if it was a joke. "I'm sorry he's not as polished as he might be," he

says. "But he has his points, Mrs. Fries! You'd be surprised how careful he is not to walk too fast so I'll feel slow," he says, trying to get round me. "He's a lamey, too, you know."

Margarite asked, "He's paying extra, isn't he?"

"Yes!" Mrs. Fries said comfortably. "He's signed a lease, too—seeing the circumstances."

Margarite asked, "On the principles of wound stripes? Something extra for each disability?"

Mrs. Fries looked blank, then belated realization that she had been further offended dawned in her bilious eyes. "There's things you can't pay for—worry and all!" Mrs. Fries said. She paused for a moment, staring haughtily, then the desire to speak of the things for which money could not compensate overcame her new injury. Her jaws began to chew again and she heaved confidentially closer.

"Now the tomato field! The first day he comes, he's in it with the dog as if he owns it! . . . Well, I don't want to be unkind—I can't, I'm that way—but one must protect one's poor little property, mustn't one?"

"Well, I runs out, Mr. Malky," I says, "being in the condition as we knows you are, it's certain as you'll step on the vines which means a lot to us as has only our poor little cottages," I says. "Have we?" he asks. "If we have, bill us for them!" Mr. Malky, I says, "it's not a matter of has you or hasn't you! It's the worry you cause others," I says.

"He turns round at that and walks off and leaves me as uppity as you please! But I notice as since then there hasn't been no more walking in the fields," Mrs. Fries said.

Margarite thought, if I tell the old beast what a beast she is, it'll only be one thing more she has against him—to punish him for when she gets the chance.

She also thought, it must be bad to get under the heel of intelligent wickedness; but to get into the power of cruelty and stupidity is worse because they have more time on their hands. She said, "Suppose you estimate how much damage he does in the fields, and I'll pay for it. Then you tell him he can walk there when he likes."

"Of course damage to tomatoes comes surprising high," Mrs. Fries said. Her eyes whisked over Marguarite's clothes. "But perhaps as he's one of our dear boys we could work it out . . ." Her tongue passed suddenly over her lips. "Shall we say a hundred dollars?"

Margarite opened her purse. "Ten down—and the rest when he has walked in the fields as long as he stays here!"

"Mrs. Fries' hand grabbed for the money. "Well, as its for one of our dear boys!" Her mind wandered back to the tenant's undesirable qualities. "Not as he's grateful as you might hope. Suspicious, too!"

Today, I puts in the rest of the china he's been fussing for—if a cottage is mine, you can know it's up to the minute! "Now, it's all in perfect order," I says. "And—being as things are—there's likely to be breakage," I says. "So we'll put 'immediate replacement by tenant' in the lease," I says . . .

"Just now he comes up to get the milk. He sort of looks at me and says, 'Mrs. Fries, a good bit of that china doesn't feel in perfect order to me!' He gets kind of angry. 'There isn't a cup with a handle or an uncracked plate in the lot!'"

"Really, Mr. Malky," I says. "I think a man in your position should learn to put trust in people!"

Margarite said, "Perhaps

you'd like me to go down and look at the china—to set his mind at rest?" She took spiteful enjoyment from the shattering of Mrs. Fries' comfort.

As Marguarite knocked at the door of the cottage to which the man and dog had gone, the dog growled and a man's voice called, "Come in!"

He was standing questioningly by the table, and the brown eyes that had disconcerted Mrs. Fries moved under the dark lashes. There was a thin line of dark moustache on his lip, and Marguarite thought of the gallant vanity of polished boots of jobless men on park benches in the depression. His age was probably thirty-five.

She said, "I'm your new neighbor. We have the misfortune to be fellow tenants of Mrs. Fries."

He smiled, quieting the big dog with one hand. "She is rather a tiger, isn't she?" His voice was at once assured and remotely detached, holding the strange charm of an entirely masculine vill to it. She thought, That is the most beautiful male speaking voice that I have ever heard. His fine hand continued to stroke the dog's coat. "Old Fries is the one I'm really sorry for."



Margarite asked, "Did the old girl stick you for the china? If she did, I'm going to make her re-list it!"

He raised his dark eyebrows. "How did you hear about it?"

"From Mrs. Fries. She has all the makings of a villain—except the ability to keep quiet."

He said, "About the china—don't worry! It wasn't important . . . Won't you have coffee?" He moved his hand towards the table as if he hoped to find something else that was not there. "I wish I had some cigarettes to offer you, but old Fries forgot them."

He spoke more rapidly. "I'd like to turn on the news for you, but there was a confusion about the battery." He added quickly, as if it was important to him, "But he's really a nice old cuss, old Fries. He'll right . . ."

He pops up all sorts of times with things he thinks I'll like. "Hey! Here's something for you!" he'll shout. "You can feel this good!" or "You can smell this good!" One day it was a prickly sea-egg. One day it was a gardenia.

"Poor, hen-pecked, lantern-jawed old ghost! I'll like him for that."

He said with the note of affection in his voice. "He's all right . . . He even fixed up a checker-board with tacks stuck in the red checkers and the red squares. It was rather fun—but Mrs. Fries cried all over the place about being only his wife left alone."

She handed him one of her cigarettes. "I'm rather a nifty

checker player myself. I bet I could take you down!"

"You mustn't do it because you think you've got to, you know!" He lit the cigarette and suddenly smiled. "My troubles, such as they are, are all on my own head. I could have stayed in what Mrs. Fries calls 'the place where everything is provided.'"

"But I sort of wanted to get where it was quiet—to think things through myself—not just to go on doing things . . . I guess I didn't realise how much asking for things I'd have to do—how much nuisance I'd be."

She said, "You aren't a nuisance to anyone! Anyway, you're paying the old fiend extra, aren't you?"

Worry shadowed his face. "Yes! The arrangement was . . . But I should have written it down . . ."

Detesting Mrs. Fries a little more, she said emphatically, "If you were a flock of tourist children galloping over everything Mrs. Fries would take it in her stride, because she's used to it. I think she also dislikes you because life has made her horrible—and it hasn't made you that way . . . Don't get humble! We should all be falling on our

looked down here, so it was sort of like seeing it. And the wind's always blowing." He stopped abruptly. "I didn't mean to start telling you so much."

"Please do! I wanted to know," She paused. "Imagining myself in different situations is my business, but I've always thought blindness was something I couldn't stand up to."

He smiled at her. "You are Marguarite Garth, the actress, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"I thought you were wonderful."

"Thank you . . . I've loved most of my roles—when the writer put something there you could really shoot at." She moved about the room, looking at its great neatness. "I've been thinking. Couldn't you perhaps write?"

He said unevenly, "I'd half thought of that—I hoped a little—that was partly why I wanted to stay here. I thought it would be quiet and things wouldn't get in the way. But . . ."

"But things are getting in the way?"

"They do a bit. It seems so blamed stupid, but little things get big if you aren't careful. I was checking up just now on what I'd thought for the last twenty-four hours. I'm getting worse than a housewife fighting the grocery!"

She said, "While I'm here, let me get your things. And I can take care of Mrs. Fries!"

"Thank you! . . . It seems hopelessly silly—but it's as if you'd lifted quite a mountain off my chest!" He stood up. "I hate to bother you. I hate to be such a pest . . ."

"It isn't a bother and you need hardly anything. Keep that in mind! Go on remembering it's just because the few things you do need are unusual that stupid people and vulgar people exaggerate them—or kind but incompetent people make a mess of them. You aren't a trouble. It's more trouble to listen to a bore for ten minutes than to do anything you'd want in a week. Don't lose your valuation of yourself!"

"Thanks a lot!" he said. "Really, thanks a lot for that!"

She walked back along the key, and the palms were black nets with stars for fish. She thought of blindness. When it first gets you, it must be like being smothered—like being choked by darkness until you want to run . . . But there is nowhere to run—for the dark runs with you. It must be as if you say of all the things you can't have, "I can't give them up!" But they are already gone.

She shut her eyes and felt the soft flutter of the wind. She thought, With the wind blowing, it's as if all the things you can't have ever any more just blew away from you, until you stand there feeling a bit bare but sort of clear. As if you'd stopped hoping and you were part of the wind. As if you could say of all you can't have, "Well, it's not for me, but it's still in the world and it's good—and I've got the wind."

Hurrying through the great rustle of the night wind, she wondered for how many of the young in heart war had meant learning to say of all that the heart hoped for, "All that and the dream of that is behind me. I must learn to be quite alone." It occurred to her that a woman could perhaps give no such gift in the whole wide compass of giving as in bringing to a man trying to learn loneliness the sweetness of the surprise that he was not alone.

She thought of the man she had left. No one can give him

back the light, but great love could fill the darkness with warmth, make the path smooth, so that there was only the one great foe of the dark to wrestle. If she had not been Marguarite Garth, mirror of a mirror, name written in lights across the world, she could have found a very full life in saying, "See! Life has not blown away with the wind! It is here—full and passionate and warm—in all my love."

"My dear, you are not alone in the dark! My hand is hard in yours, my arms tight round you in your battle!" She thought of the possible look on a man's face if, thinking himself always alone, he should find that he was not, but that love was with him for his taking and rewarded by his taking.

Next morning, she went early to his cottage. She called, "Are you up?"

He answered, "Of course I am! . . . Come in if you don't mind my shaving." He grinned at her. "Is it straight?"

"Is what straight?"

"Moustache."

"No," she said, "it isn't."

"Damn it! I thought I had a rather devilish line on it this morning."

"Well, you haven't!" she said, and they burst into laughter. She said, "Let me fix it!"

"Do you think I really should give it up?" he inquired solemnly, indicating the moustache with the corner of the razor.

"I don't think so," she said with equal consideration. "I think you'll solve it."

"Thank you for reassuring me!" Self-amusement curved the cheek he was scraping. "You must forgive me for acting like an idiot. You may have gathered I'm feeling happy this morning. Perhaps because I thought, there is a very charming girl here!"

"The charming girl came to ask if you want to go swimming. I thought we'd take lunch."

He said, "I'd like it very much. It shows I had something to feel very gay about."

They drove down the coast and the eternal wind blew. Where a coral track veered through mahogany and thorns, they turned east to a little beach, hanked by dry seaweed. Clear, tiny waves lapped in, bearing islands of foam that stranded as individual entities and could be picked up in the fingers.

He said, "Let's let Fellow run. It isn't according to Hoyte, but today is special." He stood, breathing the wind, and said with pleasure, "I know this place."

The water was warm as air and on the channel bottom the anemones bloomed like a submerged garden-bed. For lunch they boiled young crawfish in a can of seawater and found them delicious with lime juice, pepper and salt, and brown bread spread with sweet butter.

And after the meal, Marguarite read aloud while the man lay on the grass, listening with a half-smile of content.

Later, they went down to the old garden and he asked, "Is the big mango tree still there?"

"Yes. But the moonflowers are growing over everything."

"I hoped it would be," he said of the tree. "I used to think this was just about the perfect place . . . It seems a pity it should be wasted on an old monster like Mrs. Fries. I'd like to own it, even if I could only come sometimes."

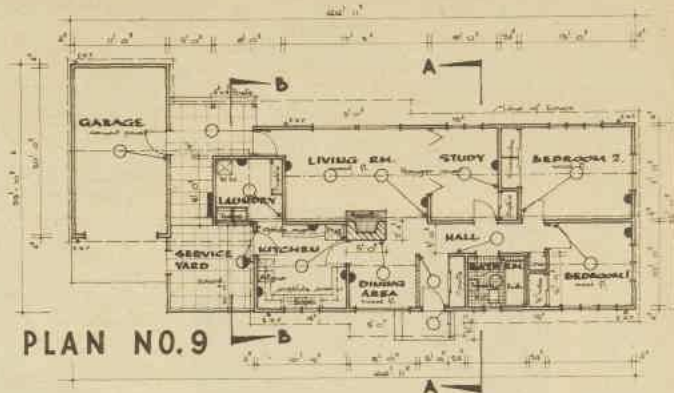
He grimed. "Unfortunately, my budget doesn't run to postwar prices."

Margarite thought, I could buy it. All that he wants so much would cost less than I earn in twenty minutes. She began to plan ways in which she might buy the key for him without his knowing it.

They drove home between

To page 41





## Compact home for small family

THIS charming little home is distinctive in design, although inexpensive to build. This was why the experts on the staff of "Good Housekeeping" magazine selected it as one of ten representative of the best in American domestic architecture.

You can obtain complete building plans and specifications for this house by filling in the order voucher on this page and sending it with a postal note or money order for £1/1/- to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

If more than three sets of plans are required, be sure to state in your application the number you need.

## Plans with care

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December 29, 1954

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## Inexpensive plan is attractive

THE house has an unusual entrance and the simple, graceful exterior would do credit to any neighborhood.

The study makes a third bedroom and may also be used to extend the living-room.

A ceiling-to-floor draw-curtain can be opened to merge the two rooms or drawn to separate them when a meal is being prepared or served or the study is needed as a bedroom.

On the garden side the long living-room windows are a pleasant feature.

The house covers 14½ squares.



this settled the matter. I was beginning to have an inkling of how the Honor Bound was run. The next morning, as I expected, Mr. Stephano took me aside. He said: 'About your bill.'

"I said, 'I have paid Captain Child.'

"We looked at each other for a moment in silence. His eyes were large, brown, and mournful. He said: 'May I ask what he charged you?'

"Two pounds." Mr. Stephano sighed and said: 'It is very difficult. A man of your intelligence will see that it is very difficult.'

"I must say it seemed very reasonable."

"The proper bill is fifteen pounds, and on that we lose."

"There was another silence. Mr. Stephano said: 'Captain Child is a good man and very generous, but he does not, of course, understand.'

"No."

"It is usual here to present the bill—the proper bill—and to deduct from it whatever the guest has paid Captain Child. In your case that would make it thirteen pounds. He paused and added firmly: 'Guests always understand this arrangement.'

"Does Captain Child know about it?'

"He becomes enraged at the mention of money," said Mr. Stephano sadly.

"It was all clear enough now, but I wanted to be quite sure. I smiled and said: 'All right—I'll make out a cheque to Captain Child for thirteen pounds.'

"Mr. Stephano winced slightly and said: 'Ah, no—not to Captain Child, please. It causes confusion. A bearer cheque.'

"I laughed and took out my note-case and said: 'I won ten shillings off you one night. You can have it back. And here's another pound for your wife's excellent catering. That's all, Mr. Stephano. And thank you

for looking after me so well. I shall certainly come again.'

"He looked at me without obvious emotion, but there was something in the mournful brown eyes which made me glad, for once in my life, that we were not in Naples. Then he took the notes and turned away without further comment."

The heat of the fire, and the fact that I had been driving all day through fog, had made me confoundedly sleepy. My



"How about something in a larger size?"

chin hitting my chest woke me with a start, with a guilty fear that I might have been asleep for an hour. But my Uncle Charles was gazing silently into the fire, and since long silences are unusual in his presence, it is more likely that I had only dozed for a second.

"I never went back to the Honor Bound," he said thoughtfully. "Which was perhaps unenterprising of me. But then I am not an enterprising man. I heard what happened subsequently from my local acquaintance. Surprisingly, it

took two years before the place went smash and was sold. Less surprisingly, it was then bought for a song by an Italian named Stephano, who, according to my acquaintance, proceeded to run it very well, though his charges were notoriously pretty steep.

"I assume that in those two years Stephano swindled Child out of enough to provide the purchase money, which, for a bankrupt concern, will not have been much. And after all, if you run a hotel where somebody else pays the bills and you take the money, your profits will be considerable."

I sat up with an effort and blinked hard. "Fascinating," I said.

My Uncle Charles shook his head. "On the contrary," he said. "A very dull story. I should not have burdened you with it, even to pass the time in an uncomfortable pub, but for one small sequel. I once told this story to a friend of mine who belongs to a family firm in the City. When I ended, he said: 'Did you say this man's name was Robert Child?'

"Yes."

"And he was very tall and thin, with a small moustache, steel-rimmed glasses, and a voice like this."

"Exactly. Did you know him?'

"My friend smiled and hesitated. 'Well, yes, I think I did. He was a stock clerk in my father's office for twenty years.'

"I hardly think . . . I began.

"My friend held up a hand. 'Wait a bit. Sometime in the twenties he won some money in the Irish Sweep. A tidy sum, without being one of those large fortunes. About fifteen thou-

## Continuing . . . Mine Host

from page 5

sand pounds I think it was. Of course he left my father, and the last I heard of him was that he had gone into the hotel business."

"Was he—the son of a noble house?'

"Lord, no. He was a well-spoken chap, but he came from Wandsworth, or somewhere like that. I fancy his father was a sanitary inspector."

"Had he been in the Army, Or in India?'

"Not as far as I know. I never knew him very well, of course. I only remember his appearance and his voice, and the fact that he always seemed a rather queer, solitary, silent

person. I'm not really very surprised if he went a bit odd in the head. I suppose the money was too much for him."

My Uncle Charles paused. "So there it is," he said at last. "The upbringing in the Vanburgh House—the Army commission and the battle-jacket—the social life in India—even that vivid touch that, being a child, he had seen lavish entertaining from afar—where did they come from?'

"And why?" I said. "Somehow if he had just taken a house and spun these yarns and ruined himself, it would have been simple. But to take a hotel . . ."

My Uncle Charles smiled. "Over that," he said. "I find no great difficulty. You may re-

member I asked him whether he did not mind that his guests were strangers. But when you come to think of it, whom among his acquaintances would a silent, solitary clerk ask to share his fortunes?'

"No, no. He would put up a sign-board and advertise for guests, just as some lonely people advertise for a wife. One of the standard problems of those who desire to serve is to find someone to whom to give service. The alternative problem, as in our present case, is to find anybody to give you service when you want it."

"I don't think it is any good to press that bell again. We had better make a reconnaissance on foot."

(Copyright)

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

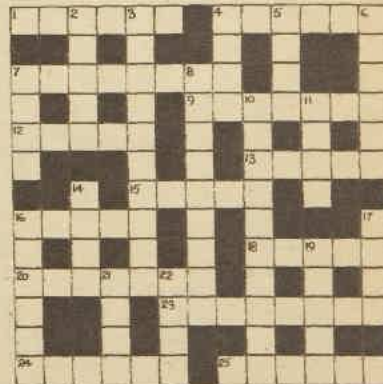
### ACROSS

- Sea monster concealed in flower (5).
- Author of "Andromaque" and "Alphable" (8).
- Plundering (8).
- Bird which is supposed to shut its eyes to facts (7).
- Famous doctor of yore full of beer (8).
- Rascal and a vicious wild animal (8).
- Spiritual part of a man which has appetite for food (5).
- Proportion of a trio (5).
- A man's life can hang on it (5).
- Fashionable milliner (7).
- Classified (8).
- Marine animal to live parasitically (6).
- Out of the right way as a threepenny bit (6).

SILENCE EAGLE  
O A O X R L  
UTTER CULTURE  
NEW I M G  
DARKNESS SHESBA  
A S E U N  
PALACE ROSSANT  
O A D L P M  
ADIR ANEROID  
T R M N T R  
OPERATE DRIVE  
O A N E O S  
NOMAD THROUGH

Solution to last week's crossword

Solution will be published next week.



### DOWN

- The Great Barrier Reef is built of it (5).
- In temporary shelter electrical particles indicate designs with regard to marriage (10).
- Scraps plays practical jokes (4).
- Burn slightly an odd job (4).
- Card-game could be her cue (6).
- Young hotel servant found in any book (4).
- Designates an ancient Greek measure of weight in signs (9).
- Rouse a rent (Anagr.) (10).
- The Gloomy Dean (4).
- Such book is for horses or possibly for cattle (4).
- Row (8).
- Water plant turns into ruminant quadruped (4).
- Antonym of 15 across (5).
- I hurried to Persia (4).
- Docile mate (4).



# THE MODERN TOUCH



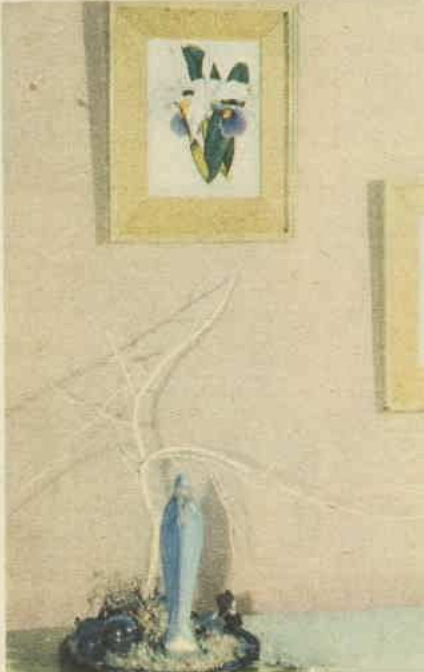
The present vogue for flower arrangements in the modern manner has led to a demand for Christmas decorations of a similar type. The examples on this page were assembled in an hour from simple ingredients, including silver-painted leaves, dazzling tinsel balls, white-washed branches, candles, pine cones, and greenery.

**FESTIVE MOTIF** for the fireplace (above). Two ingeniously contrived rope horses make an amusing mantel decoration. A note of red is supplied by the candles that nestle in greenery. Deodar branch, ribbon-tied, makes a pretty overhang.

**SIMPLE** but elegant arrangement for a hall table or buffet is shown right. Silver-painted leaves of the strelitzia, acanthus, and ivy trails highlighted by tinsel balls and painted pine cones in brilliant colors make a striking picture.



**COFFEE-TABLE DECOR.** As shown in the photograph above, there are many ways to use the tinsel balls which are so important for Christmas-tree decorations. A bed of transparent paper cut up and set in a shallow bowl helps to build up the pile. Additional glitter is provided by silver-painted ivy leaves.



**HALL** or bedroom arrangement (above). At the feet of this graceful madonna figurine set against a white-painted branch are tinsel balls, silver tinsel, and a silver-painted ivy trail.



**SNOW MAN.** A wall in the new coral-rose shade is just the place to perch a cheery, cotton-wool snow man and his snow lady on their branch of cedar or deodar (left). They could also be used as a door decoration or to greet Yuletide visitors in an entrance hall.

**CHRISTMAS TREE** in the modern manner (right). Spun-glass birds form the only decoration of this "tree," a white-painted branch. The colors in the tinsel balls piled at the base echo those of the birds. These arrangements by flower expert Margaret Davis were photographed in the new Gallery of Interiors at North Sydney, N.S.W., by staff photographer Clive Thompson.





## TONY'S LUXURY DISH

# MARINADE OF BEEF

● This fine beef dish, for which Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club, gives the recipe, is most appropriate for the summer weather and particularly good for week-end meals as it is delicious when cooked, cooled, sliced, and served cold.

**A**LTHOUGH the meat has to be marinated for two weeks, the actual cooking is quite easy.

For a special occasion in the early weeks of the new year it would be an ideal contrast to the rich poultry served over the holidays.

Here is the recipe which allows for 10 servings:

Six-and-a-half pounds top-side corner cut, 1 lb. fat pickled pork, 3 pints light Australian beer, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons salt, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 cup cream, 2 cups red claret, 12 white peppercorns, 1 cup vinegar.

Wash meat in cold water and dry with a clean cloth, then marinate the meat for two weeks in a very cool place in the beer, claret, vinegar, salt, sugar, and

peppercorn, turning the meat every other day. Take meat from marinade, rinse in cold water, and dry with a cloth. Lard the meat thoroughly with the fat pickled pork and season to taste. Put the butter in a saucepan and brown the meat until a golden color, then baste with a little boiling beef stock if available, or use some of the marinade liquid. Cover saucepan with a tight-fitting lid and braise for 2½ hours. Strain the liquid in the saucepan through a fine sieve. Make a sauce with flour, extra butter, the strained liquid, and the cream, using flour and butter in proportion to the amount of juices that have come from the meat during the cooking. When sauce has thickened pour over the meat and serve, or let it stand a couple of hours; serve cold.

## PRIZE RECIPES

This week, two tempting savory recipes win prizes for readers in our weekly contest.

**T**HE main prize-winning recipe for stuffed tomatoes with mushrooms makes an appetising luncheon or supper dish.

Baked salmon and asparagus, which wins the consolation prize, is a delicious dish suitable for light luncheons or buffet parties. The quantities given are sufficient for 10 to 12 servings. Any cooked or tinned fish may be used.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

### STUFFED TOMATOES WITH MUSHROOMS

Eight medium-sized tomatoes, 8 mushrooms, 1½oz. butter, 1 small onion, 1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley, 4 tablespoons soft white breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons stock or water, 1 teaspoon flour, salt and pepper to taste, pinch nutmeg, 1 tablespoon butter.

Cut a thick slice from top of each tomato, remove pulp, reserve for sauce. Remove stalks from mushrooms, chop stalks finely. Melt butter in pan, add finely chopped onion and cook until lightly browned. Add chopped mushroom stalks, cook further 3 or 4 minutes. Remove from heat, add parsley, breadcrumbs and sufficient stock to moisten. Season with salt, pepper and nutmeg. Fill tomato cases with this mixture. Place on greased oven-tray, bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Meanwhile sauté whole mushrooms in 1 tablespoon butter or substitute 5 to 7 minutes, remove. Add flour to pan, stir until smooth. Add tomato pulp and a little stock or water if necessary, stir until sauce boils and thickens. Place a mushroom cap on the top of each tomato, serve with the sauce.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. S. Mitchell, 54 Fourth St., Boolaroo 2N, N.S.W.

### BAKED SALMON

One tin asparagus, ¼ cup finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3

tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 cup milk, one 1½ lb. tin cooking salmon, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ cup grated cheese.

Melt butter or substitute, add chopped onion, fry until tender. Add flour, salt and pepper, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Add milk, stir over low heat until mixture boils and thickens. Add coarsely flaked salmon and lemon juice. Place three-quarters of salmon mixture in greased ovenware dish, top with drained asparagus and nutmeg, then balance of salmon mixture. Sprinkle with cheese. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Gordon, Sackville St., Greenslopes, Brisbane.

## NEW COOK BOOK

**T**HE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY latest cook book "Guide to Better Cookery" is now on sale at our offices, newsagents, and bookstalls. The price is only 1/6.

Everyone who enjoys preparing and serving appetising food should be sure to get a copy of this grand book which has been especially compiled to suit the needs of Australian living.

The homemaker will appreciate the variety of recipes for special breakfast dishes, week-end meals, and home entertainment. All these are conveniently indexed and grouped so that reference is quick and easy.

Even the teenage cook has been catered for in this 48-page book. Recipes, hints, and preparation details for barbecues are included, and a special party menu, with a choice of easily prepared and appetising dishes, is given.

Those who like recipes from other lands will find plenty of dishes to choose from and they have the advantage that only readily available ingredients are used.

A guide to cuts of meat and how to use them is another section that will interest and benefit the homemaker.

All sections of the book are well illustrated and lots of dishes are shown in color.

Get a copy today and see for yourself what a wealth of helpful hints and general information that "Guide to Better Cookery" has in addition to its superb recipes.

If copies are not still obtainable in your suburb or district, send a postal note for 1/6 to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, and the book will be forwarded.

Note: Please print names and addresses clearly in ink.

## FAMILY DISH

**T**HIS week's family dish is an appetising way of using up some of the cold meat left from holiday meals.

As well as being a tasty, satisfying dinner dish it is popular for buffet suppers.

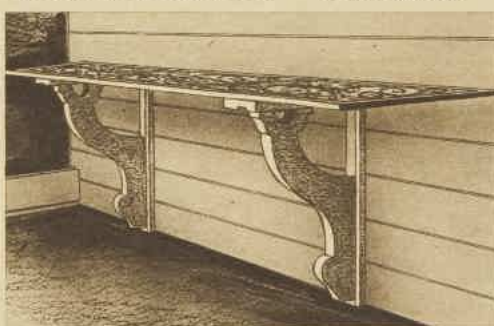
It costs approximately four shillings and sixpence and serves four generous helpings. Potato is not necessary with this dish.

### ABERDEEN KEDGEREE

Two cups minced cooked meat, 1oz. butter or substitute, 1 onion, 1½ cups cooked rice, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, pinch nutmeg, 1 cup tomato juice, ½ cup meat or vegetable stock, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Remove skin and gristle from meat before mincing. Brown finely chopped onion in melted butter or substitute, add meat, cook 4 or 5 minutes. Add rice, chopped hard-boiled eggs, parsley, salt, pepper, nutmeg, tomato juice, stock and Worcestershire sauce. Mix well, heating thoroughly. Place lid on and simmer gently 10 minutes. Serve piping hot.

## Homemakers' contest



**FIXED** wallshelf which was made from the iron from a verandah balustrade. See details below.

**A** WALLSHELF made from iron panels of a verandah balustrade wins the cash prize this week in our homemakers' contest on how to make something new from something old.

Mrs. B. M. Clark, The Glen, Warwick, Queensland, wins £3/3/- for this entry.

"Many old houses have these iron balustrades on their verandahs," she writes. "With demolishing and modernising going on all around they are quite easy to obtain."

"We fitted three panels end to end against a wall for a table in our courtyard and used the ornamental sides of the posts as brackets. This is a fixture, but the balustrading is also ideal to use for small outdoor tables."

This is a helpful and stimulating contest, so if you have any bright ideas send them in with rough sketches and details telling what you renovated or remade and how it was done.

It may be an article of clothing, something for the house, or even a novelty.

Address your entry to The Editor, Homemaker Department, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

## Continuing . . . Through The Invisible

from page 38

the red-top, rosy as the sunset, and the trailing of white moonflowers that drowned the dusk with perfume. She said, "It was a good day."

Turning as he stepped from the car at his door, he said, "It was a perfect day, a day you couldn't better. Thank you for it!"

They made many more days like it.

She had brought a play to read, but she did not read it. The polished and perfect mirror of her actress' mind was filled by the image of the man in the cottage, and her actress' conscience could solace itself only with the promise that the clearness of the image might some day be of use to her.

She pressed her hands as she had never pressed them against the barrier between life and life, seeking to know what was known to him, to feel what was felt by him of pain and loss and fear of a scroll that was fraught with punishment. And the knowledge came to her in small things and great.

In a night when she had returned late with the stores and gone to his cottage in darkness, finding the cottage dark and wondering if he was already asleep, only to realise for the first time that light could make no faintest difference to him, for within the cottage where the darkness was like black velvet, he was answering his mail.

In another night in her own cottage when lightning turned her room from black to white and she could not sleep and thought of him hearing the thunder in the dark and had a great desire to go to him and say, "Here is my life to serve you!" And the woman in her knew that she was in love with him and the actress in her knew that the experience would make her a greater actress.

Lying with her thin hand under the high curve of her cheek while the air shook to the thunder, she thought, What would happen if he married me and came with me to my world of make believe? Her mind answered instantly. It would be the essence of cruelty! I would have him by his emotions—and he would be lost, stumbling in the dark. He needs peace, and peace is the last thing my life gives. He needs a full-time wife, not the spare-time emotion of an actress. He is too good for that!

She thought with a sudden passion and sweetness of emotion such as she had never known. What if I married him and came with him to his lime grove by the warm sea? Her heart shook her body as for a moment she let her imagination carry her into strange enchantment of tenderness that might be between a man and a woman.

Then she fled from it, fighting down the sweetness, grasping to recover her sanity.

She thought, I am going crazy! I must get away from here before I do something I will regret until I die! I am Marguerite Garth—and even the pain of a hopeless love can be of use to me when I act a story of tragic love—and neither love nor loss nor pity shall stand in the way of my acting.

With the time for her leaving the next day, she went down to say goodbye to him. He got her coffee, and she said, "I am going today."

His shoulders stiffened and for a minute he did not turn from the stove. Then he came to the table and put his hands on it and smiled down at her. "I don't know how to say this, but I want to say it! . . . You

can't know what your being here has been to me.

"You haven't talked to me as if I was in kindergarten—or as if there was nothing the matter. I've felt normal again for these days. I've been happy again—so that I could hardly wait for the morning . . . It's as if I'd been lost—and you gave me your hand just when I needed it. I still don't know just where I'm going, but I'll get there now—thanks to you."

She had been troubled that he might have hoped for more than she could give. She saw now—and was the more terribly moved by it—that he had not hoped, that he was grateful in all disarming sincerity for so small a thing.

He said, "I wish I could let you know!"

She said, "I do know—and it's so terribly, horribly little!"

He said, as if telling her impersonally of something she had done for someone else, "We probably won't meet again, but I want you to have the satisfaction of knowing it wasn't wasted."

In the executive suite of the world's greatest studios, she raised her eyes to meet Sol's dark ones. She said, "I've been thinking . . . that you were right about my year." Twenty men drew a deep breath of relief. Her smile deepened. "You must know why you were right! . . . That night, after I had said goodbye to him, I was on a plane. I sat near the window and watched the darkness and cities run under, and I thought of a man and dog alone."

"I knew of the man," he has no reason tonight to be excited for tomorrow. He will get up in the morning—in the dark—and know today we are not going to the beach. There will be no foolishness of laughter, no pleasantness of reading. My friend has gone. I thought, 'I have given him so little . . .'

"That was understandable," men's voices told her.

"No," she said. "It was inexcusable, it was wanting in understanding—but I meant it well. I thought, 'I'll better the gift! I'll give him a year! Into it I'll put all I've learned of love: all of Juliet, all of Camille, every seduction, every art of passion, every plea of lovers . . . all the 'long reaches of the peaks of song!' When I leave him, he will still, forever, have had what I have given him. It was the petty and insulting alms of a very vain woman—but that was why. I asked you for my year . . ."

"Thank God you've got over it!" men said.

She smiled. "When I asked you, you argued well. Sell! Without you, I might have made a terrible mistake. He might have made me make it if I had ever told him 'Just a year!' But you reminded me that I had had my verse, my wonderful and silly verse, 'I sent my soul through the invisible . . .'

"Thinking of it as I stood here, I knew that I had only tried before, but this time it had happened! I thought of his mornings-to-be and of his nights-to-be . . . and of what they would be after the year had ended."

"I thought, very carefully, 'Let me hold in my hands all the brightness of my future—my most enviable future—but know that I only hurt him?' And only that I would have hurt him mattered to me."

"I thought, 'He would want me to think of myself and not of him. Let me still try to think of it wholly for myself. To page 42



room "I must have taken it upstairs with the towels." "I wonder now, Mrs. Harmon, if you don't mind. We'd like his coat, you know; the last thing he wore. Well, the wife feels rather sentimental about it."

"Of course," said Bunch. "Would you like me to have it cleaned first? I'm afraid it's rather well-stained."

"Oh, no, no, no; that doesn't matter."

Bunch frowned. "Now, I wonder where . . . excuse me a moment." She went upstairs and it was some few minutes before she returned.

"I'm so sorry," she said breathlessly. "My daily woman must have put it aside with other clothes that were going to the cleaners. It's taken me quite a long time to find it. Here it is. I'll do it up for you in brown paper."

Disclaiming their protests, she did so; then once more effusively bidding her farewell, the Eccles departed.

Bunch went slowly back across the hall and entered the study. The Rev. Julian Harmon looked up and his brow cleared. He was composing a sermon and was fearing that he'd been led astray by the interest of the political relations between Judaea and Persia, in the reign of Cypris.

"Yes, dear?" he said.

"Julian," said Bunch, "what's Sanctuary exactly?"

Julian Harmon gratefully put aside his sermon paper.

"Well," he said, "Sanctuary

## Continuing . . . Sanctuary

[from page 11]

in Roman and Greek temples applied to the cella in which stood the statue of a god. The Latin word for altar, 'ara,' also means protection." He continued learnedly: "In 399 A.D. the right of sanctuary in Christian churches was finally and definitely recognised. The earliest mention of the right of sanctuary in England is in the Code of Laws issued by Ethelbert in A.D. 600."

He continued for some time with his exposition, but was, as often, disconcerted by his wife's reception of his erudite pronouncement.

"Darling," she said, "you are sweet."

Bending over, she kissed him on the tip of his nose.

"The Eccles have been here," said Bunch.

The Vicar frowned. "The Eccles? I don't seem to remember . . ."

"You don't know them. They're the sister and her husband of the man in the church."

"My dear, you ought to have called me."

"There wasn't any need," said Bunch. "They were not in need of consolation. I wonder now." She frowned. "If I put a casserole in the oven tomorrow, can you manage, Julian? I think I shall have to go up to London for the sales."

"The sails?" Her husband looked at her blankly. "Do you

mean a yacht or a boat or something?"

"No, darling. There's a special white sale at Burrows and Portman's. You know, sheets, tablecloths and towels and glass-cloths. Besides," she added thoughtfully, "I think I ought to go and see Aunt Jane."

That sweet old lady, Miss Jane Marple, was enjoying the delights of the metropolis for a fortnight, comfortably installed in her nephew's studio flat.

"So kind of dear Raymond," she murmured. "He and Joan have gone to America for a fortnight and they insisted I should come up here and enjoy myself. And now, dear Bunch, do tell me what it is that's worrying you."

Bunch was Miss Marple's favorite godchild, and the old lady looked at her with great affection.

Bunch's recital was concise and clear. Miss Marple nodded her head as Bunch finished. "I see," she said. "Yes, I see."

"That's why I felt I had to see you," said Bunch. "You see, not being clever—"

"But you are clever."

"No, I'm not. Not clever like Julian."

"Julian, of course, has a very solid intellect," said Miss Marple.

"That's it," said Bunch. "Julian's got the intellect, I've got the sense."

"You have a lot of common sense, Bunch."

"You see, I don't really know what I ought to do. I can't ask Julian because—well, I mean, Julian's so full of rectitude . . ."

This statement appeared to be perfectly understood by Miss Marple, who said, "I know what you mean, dear. We women—well, it's different." She went on, "You told me what happened. Bunch, but I'd like to know first exactly what you think."

"It's all wrong," said Bunch. "The man who was there in the church, dying, knew all about Sanctuary. He said it just the way Julian would have said it. I mean he was a well-read, educated man. And if he'd shot himself, he wouldn't drag himself into a church afterward and say 'sanctuary.' Sanctuary means that you're pursued, and when you get into a church you're safe. Your pursuers can't touch you. At one time even the law couldn't get at you."

She looked questioningly at Miss Marple. The latter nodded. Bunch went on, "Those people, the Eccles, were quite different. Ignorant and coarse. And there's another thing. That watch—the dead man's watch. It had the initials W.S. on the back of it. But inside—"

I opened it—in very small lettering there was 'To Walter from his father and a date. Walter. But the Eccles kept talking of him as William or Bill."

Miss Marple seemed about to speak, but Bunch rushed on, "Oh, I know you're not always called the name you're baptised by. I mean, I can understand that you might be christened William and called 'Porky' or 'Carrots' or something. But your sister wouldn't call you William or Bill, if your name was Walter."

"You mean that she wasn't his sister?"

"I'm quite sure she wasn't his sister. They were horrid—both of them. They came to the Vicarage to get his things and to find out if he'd said anything before he died. When I said he hadn't I saw it in their faces—relief. I think, myself, finished Bunch, "it was Eccles who shot him."

"Murder?" said Miss Marple.

"Yes," said Bunch. "Mur-

der. That's why I came to you, darling."

Bunch's remark might have seemed incongruous to an ignorant listener, but in certain spheres Miss Marple had a reputation for dealing with murder.

"He said 'please' to me before he died," said Bunch. "He wanted me to do something for him. The awful thing is I've no idea what."

"But why was he there at all?" Miss Marple asked.

"You mean," said Bunch, "if you wanted sanctuary you might pop into a church anywhere. There's no need to take a bus that only goes four times a day and come out to a lonely spot like ours for it."

"He must have come there for a purpose," Miss Marple thought. "He must have come to see someone. Chipping Cleghorn's not a big place, Bunch. Surely you must have some idea of who it was he came to see?"

Bunch reviewed the inhabitants of her village in her mind before rather doubtfully shaking her head. "In a way," she said, "it could be anybody."

"He never mentioned a name?"

"He said Julian, or I thought he said Julian. It might have been Julia, I suppose. As far as I know, there isn't any Julia living in Chipping Cleghorn."

She screwed up her eyes as she thought back to the scene. The man lying there on the chance steps, the light coming through the window with its jewels of red and blue light.

"Jewels," said Bunch suddenly. "Perhaps that's what he saw. The light coming through the east window looked like jewels."

"Jewels," said Miss Marple, thoughtfully.

"I'm coming now," said Bunch. "to the most important thing of all. The reason why I've really come here today. You see, the Eccles made a great fuss about having his coat. It was an old, shabby sort of coat—there was no reason why they should have wanted it. They pretended it was sentimental, but that was nonsense."

"Anyway, I went up to find it, and at I was going up the stairs I remembered how he'd make a kind of picking gesture with his hand, as though he was fumbling with the coat. So when I got hold of the coat I looked at it very carefully and I saw that in one place the lining had been sewn up again with a different thread. So I unpicked it and I found a little piece of paper inside. I took it out and I sewed it up again properly with thread that matched."

"I was careful and I don't really think that the Eccles would know I've done it. And I took the coat down to them and made some excuse for the delay."

"The piece of paper?" asked Miss Marple.

Bunch opened her handbag. "A cloakroom ticket," said Miss Marple, looking at it. "Paddington Station."

"He had a return ticket to Paddington in his pocket," said Bunch.

"This calls for action," said Miss Marple briskly. "But it would be advisable, I think, to be careful. Would you have noticed at all, Bunch, dear, whether you were followed when you came to London today?"

"Followed!" exclaimed Bunch. "You don't think—"

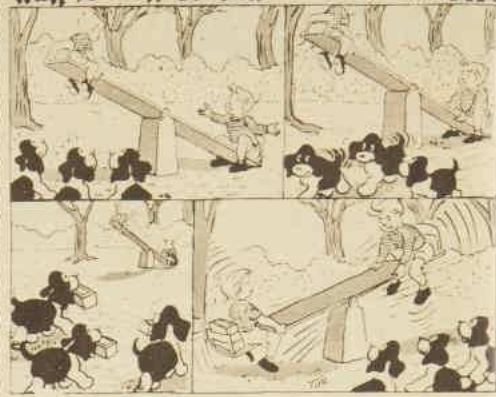
"Well, I think it's possible," said Miss Marple. "When anything is possible, I think we ought to take precautions." She rose with a brisk movement.

"You came up here ostensibly, my dear, to go to the sales. I think the right thing to do, therefore, would be for us to go to the sales. But before we set out, we might put one or two little arrangements in

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



hand. I don't suppose," Miss Marple added obscurely, "that I shall need the old speckled tweed with the beaver collar just at present . . ."

It was about an hour and a half later that the two ladies, rather the worse for wear and battered in appearance, and both clasping parcels of hardly won household linen, sat down at a small and sequestered hostelry called the Apple Bough to restore their forces with steak and kidney pudding followed by apple tart and custard.

"Really a prewar quality face towel," gasped Miss Marple, slightly out of breath. "With a J on it, too. So fortunate that Raymond's wife's name is Joan."

"I really did need the glass-cloths," said Bunch. "And they were very cheap, though not as cheap as the ones that woman with the ginger hair managed to snatch from me."

A smart young woman with a lavish application of rouge and lipstick entered the Apple Bough at that moment. She hurried to their table and laid down an envelope by Miss Marple's elbow.

"There you are, Miss," she said briskly.

"Oh, thank you, Gladys," said Miss Marple. "Thank you very much. So kind of you."

"Always pleased to oblige, I'm sure," said Gladys.

"Such a dear girl," said Miss Marple as Gladys departed again.

She looked inside the envelope and then passed it on to Bunch. "Now be very careful, dear," she said. "By the way, is there still that nice young Inspector at Melchester that I remember?"

"I don't know," said Bunch. "Well, if not," said Miss Marple, thoughtfully. "I can always ring up the Chief Constable. I think he would remember me."

"Of course he'd remember you," said Bunch. She rose.

Arrived at Paddington, Bunch went to the Luggage Office and produced the cloakroom ticket. A moment or two later a rather shabby old suitcase was passed across to her, and carrying this she made her way to the platform.

The journey home was uneventful. Bunch rose as the train approached Chipping Cleghorn and picked up the old suitcase. She had just left her carriage when a man, sprinting along the platform, suddenly seized the suitcase from her hand and rushed off with it.

"Stop!" Bunch yelled. "He's taken my suitcase."

The ticket collector who, at this rural station, was a man of somewhat slow processes, had just begun to say, "Now, look here, you can't do that—"

when a smart blow in the chest pushed him aside, and the man with the suitcase rushed out from the station. He made his way towards a waiting car. Tossing the suitcase in, he was about to climb after it, but

before he could move a hand fell on his shoulder, and the voice of Police Constable Abel said, "Now, then, what's all this?"

Bunch arrived, panting, from the station. "He snatched my suitcase," she said.

"Nonsense," said the man. "I don't know what she means. It's my suitcase. I just got out of the train with it."

"Now, let's get this clear," said Police Constable Abel.

He looked at Bunch with a bovine and impartial stare. Nobody would have guessed that Police Constable Abel and Mrs. Harmon spent long half-hours in Police Constable Abel's office time discussing the respective merits of manure and bone meal for rose bushes.

"You say, Madam, that this is your suitcase?" said Police Constable Abel.

"Yes," said Bunch. "Definitely."

"And you, sir?"

"I say this suitcase is mine."

The man was tall, dark, and well dressed, with a drawing voice and a superior manner. A feminine voice from inside the car, said, "Of course it's your suitcase, Edwin. I don't know what this woman means."

"We'll have to get this clear," said Police Constable Abel. "If it's your suitcase, Madam, what do you say is made it?"

"Clothes," said Bunch. "A long speckled coat with a beaver collar, two wool jumpers, and pair of shoes."

"Well, that's clear enough," said Police Constable Abel. He turned to the other.

"I am a theatrical costumer," said the dark man importantly. "This suitcase contains theatrical properties which I brought down here for an amateur performance."

"Right, sir," said Police Constable Abel. "Well, we'll just look inside, shall we, and see? We can go along to the police station, or if you're in a hurry we'll take the suitcase back to the station and open it there."

"It'll suit me," said the dark man. "My name is Moss, by the way. Edwin Moss."

The Police Constable, holding the suitcase, went back into the station.

Police Constable Abel laid the suitcase on the counter of the Purcell Office and pushed back the clasp. The case was not locked.

"Ah!" said Police Constable Abel, as he pushed up the lid. Inside, neatly folded, was a long, rather shabby tweed coat with a beaver fur collar. There were also two wool jumpers and a pair of country shoes.

"Exactly as you say, Madam," said Police Constable Abel, turning to Bunch.

Nobody could have said that Mr. Edwin Moss under-did things. His dismay and compunction were magnificent.

"I do apologise," he said. "I really do apologise. Please

To page 45



# Celebration Table

● Mix fun with good food at your Christmas and New Year parties by creating an informal atmosphere and giving your guests a buffet meal.

THERE'S a holiday spirit about a buffet array from which guests can choose their favorite foods and help themselves. Make sure the party dishes look appetising. All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

## CARNIVAL CAKE

Half pound butter or substitute, 1lb. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 eggs, pink coloring, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon sherry, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, snow frosting, red jelly crystals.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, lemon rind, and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time and beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, then add sherry. Dip a skewer into the pink coloring and draw the skewer through the mixture to create a streaked effect. Fill into greased 8in. cake-tin, bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. When quite cold cover with snow frosting while still moist, top with jelly crystals.

**Snow Frosting:** Beat 2 egg-whites very slightly, add 1½ cups sugar, 2 tablespoons water and a pinch of salt. Beat over boiling water for 12 to 14 minutes. Remove from heat, add a pinch cream of tartar and 1 teaspoon each of vanilla and lemon juice. Beat until very thick. Spread over cake and sprinkle with diagonal lines of jelly crystals.

## PINEAPPLE FLUMMERY

One medium-sized pineapple, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons gelatine, 2 cups water, 2 tablespoons flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, whipped cream and strawberries to decorate.

Cut pineapple in halves lengthwise, leaving stalk on. With a large fork scrape out all pulp and place in saucepan with 1 cup of sugar. Simmer gently 10 minutes. Strain syrup into a basin, keeping 1 cup of the pineapple pulp to use in the flummery. Soak gelatine in half the water, blend flour with balance of water. Place soaked gelatine and blended flour in saucepan with sugar, salt, and lemon rind. Bring slowly to boiling point, stirring until gelatine is dissolved. Simmer 5 minutes. Add pineapple and bring to the boil again. Turn into a basin. When cool but not set, beat until thick and creamy. Pile into pineapple halves, chill until set. Decorate with strawberries, serve with cream.

Continued on page 45

● This is how your guests will see your party table. Creamed chicken rosettes, scented pineapple, and curried tuna boats start the menu. Spaghetti Bolognaise and pineapple flummery follow, and carnival cake or fruit salad cake makes a happy ending.

## WEDGED PINEAPPLE

(May be prepared the day before and chilled overnight.)

Wash a fresh pineapple. Using a small, sharp-pointed knife, cut all the way round each eye of the pineapple, starting from the top row. Be sure to cut right into the core of the pineapple, so that each piece will lift out cleanly and easily. Continue to cut each row of pineapple, loosening every segment, but keeping the whole pineapple intact. Carefully press cocktail sticks through the centre of each wedge. Arrange on a platter, decorate with cherries.

## SAUTERNE CUP

Two dessertspoons lemon juice, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 2 cups sauterne, 2 bottles soda water.

Mix lemon juice and sugar, warm if necessary to dissolve sugar. Add sauterne and chill thoroughly. Quarter fill serving glasses with sauterne mixture, fill up with chilled soda water.

## SPAGHETTI BOLOGNAISE

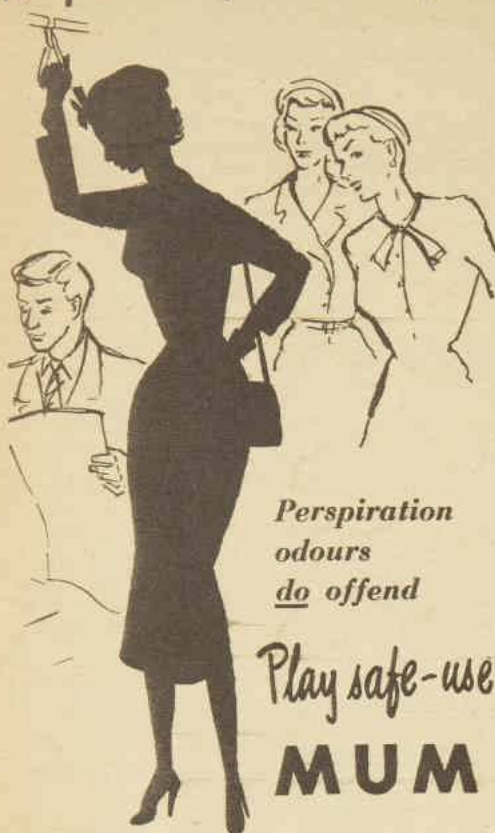
Quarter cup melted shortening, 1 clove garlic, 1 cup chopped onion, 1½lb. minced steak, 1lb. ripe tomatoes (or 1 16oz. tin tomatoes), 1 cup water or stock, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste, pinch herbs, 1lb. spaghetti, 1 cup grated cheese, butter or substitute, parsley.

Cook finely minced garlic and onion in melted shortening until lightly browned. Drain off surplus shortening, add steak. Wash and chop tomatoes, add to meat mixture with water or stock, sauce, salt, pepper, and herbs. Cover closely and simmer 1½ hours or until meat is tender. Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water; drain and fold into meat mixture. Turn into greased ovenware dish (suitable for serving). Top with a thick layer of coarsely grated cheese, dot generously with butter or substitute. Bake in moderate oven until top is bubbly and brown. Serve piping hot, garnished with parsley.





They'll whisper about you!



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# Fashion PATTERNS

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F3491.—Beginners' pattern for a slim-line easy-to-make maternity skirt. Sizes 26in. to 32in. waist. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Special price, 2/-.

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F3494



F3492



F3493



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## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

812



No. 812.—INFANT'S LAYETTE  
Five-piece layette is obtainable cut out ready to make in rayon crepe-de-chine and in good quality lawn. Color choice in crepe-de-chine includes white, pastel pink, and sky-blue; in lawn—white, lemon, sky-blue, pink, and all-green. Easy-to-follow instructions are included with the layette. Prices: Crepe-de-chine, frock, 23/8, postage and registration, 1/3 extra; petticoat slip, 15/6, postage and registration, 1/- extra; carrying coat, 25/9, postage and registration, 1/3 extra; nightdress, 24/11, postage and registration, 1/3 extra; bodysuit, 12/11, postage and registration, 1/3 extra. Complete set, £25, postage and registration, 1/3 extra. Prices: Lawn, frock, 11/6, postage and registration, 1/3 extra; petticoat slip, 5/6, postage and registration, 1/- extra; carrying coat, 13/9, postage and registration, 1/3 extra; nightdress, 12/11, postage and registration, 1/3 extra; bodysuit, 9/3, postage and registration, 1/3 extra. Complete set, £22/10/6, postage and registration, 1/3 extra.

No. 813.—BABY'S PILLOW-CASE

The pillow-case is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider in white and colored organdie. The color choice includes white, lemon, pink, and green. The lace edging is not supplied. Size: 11in. x 17in., price 5/6, postage 7d. extra.

No. 814.—THREE BIRDS

The birds are obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pink, and blue. Price: No. 1 bib, 2/3, postage 3d. extra; No. 2 bib, 2/3, postage 3d. extra; No. 3 bib, 4/1, postage 7d. extra.

No. 815.—BEDJACKET

Pretty lace-trimmed bedjacket is obtainable cut out ready to make in self-spotted satin. The color choice includes white, pastel pink, and sky-blue. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 22/9, postage and registration, 1/3 extra; 36in. and 38in. bust, 24/11, postage and registration, 1/3 extra.

NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.

813

814



# DRESS SENSE

by  
**Betty Keep**



D.S.121.—One-piece dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

A fresh-looking flowered cotton print is still top fashion for summer. Illustrated here is a typical design in this category.

It is chosen for the reader whose letter is published and answered below.

"WHAT style of summer frock would you recommend for a small wardrobe?" she writes. "I like to look nice but am not interested in extreme fashions. I just require a pretty frock that will wash. I am 23 years, have a small child, and not too much cash for clothes."

I don't think you could have anything more attractive or

pretty than a dress made in a printed cotton. Choose a material printed with the colors most flattering to your eyes and hair. The design I suggest is illustrated above. It has a front bodice fastening, cool neckline, and short sleeves, plus a modified bouffant skirt. It is always a good idea to wear a full-skirted dress over a stiffened petticoat. It prevents the skirt from going limp.

A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. See caption for

further details and how to order.

"THE last week in March I am to be matron of honor at a wedding, and as I am 28 I want a sophisticated outfit, one that would do later for parties. Do you like the idea of white faille? The frock is to be a ballerina."

White faille would be most glamorous. My suggestion for the ensemble is a Princess line dress and matching jacket. Have the bodice of the dress strapless and moulded and the skirt flaring out gradually in wide gores to the hemline. Have the jacket close-fitting and bosom length, finished with a low-cut rounded collar and long sleeves.

## CELEBRATION TABLE Continued from page 43

### FRUIT SALAD CREAM CAKE

Two ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. sugar, vanilla, 1 egg, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3 tablespoons milk, 1½ cups well-drained fruit salad, whipped cream.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and vanilla. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Turn into greased recess-tin, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler. When cold spread sides with whipped cream and fill recess with fruit salad.

### CREAMED CHICKEN ROSETTES

Rosette Batter: Three-quarters cup plain flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar,

½ cup milk, 2 egg-yolks, 1 tablespoon melted butter.

Creamed Chicken Topping: Half-pint thick white sauce, pinch cayenne, salt to taste, ½ cup minced cooked chicken, cocktail onions.

Mix dry ingredients, gradually add beaten egg-yolks and milk. Lastly fold in melted butter, mix well until smooth. Cover and allow to stand half an hour or until all bubbles are gone. Heat deep fat to 370 deg. F. or until blue flame rises. Hold rosette iron in fat for 2 or 3 minutes to heat thoroughly. Drain on paper, dip into batter until batter is 1/16 of an inch from top of iron. If batter does not stick, iron is too hot or too cold. Fry rosette until delicately browned (40 seconds to 1 minute). Drain over fat, ease

off iron with knife on to paper. Reheat iron in fat before repeating.

Prepare topping. Season freshly made sauce with salt and cayenne. Fold in chicken; spoon on to rosettes, top each with a cocktail onion.

### CURRIED TUNA BOATS

Two dozen shortcrust pastry boats, 1 tin tuna, ½ pint medium-thickness white sauce flavored to taste with curry, salt, and cayenne, 1 dessert-spoon lemon juice, stuffed olives to garnish.

Drain and flake tuna, fold into freshly made sauce. Season with salt, cayenne, and lemon juice. Fill into cooked pastry boats, top each with two slices of stuffed olive. Arrange on serving platter, garnish with parsley.

## Continuing . . . Sanctuary

from page 42

believe me, dear lady, when I tell you how very, very sorry I am. Unpardonable—quite unpardonable—my behaviour has been." He looked at his watch. "I must rush now. Probably my suitcase has gone on the train." Raising his hat once more, he said meltingly to Bunch, "Do, do forgive me," and rushed hurriedly out of the Parcels Office.

"Are you going to let him get away?" asked Bunch in a conspiratorial whisper of Police Constable Abel.

The latter slowly closed a bovine eye in a wink.

"He won't get too far, Ma'am," he said.

"Oh," said Bunch, relieved.

"That old lady's been on the phone," said Police Constable Abel, "the one as was down here a few years ago. Bright she is, isn't she? But there's been a lot cooking up all today. Shouldn't wonder if the Inspector or Sergeant was out to see you about it tomorrow morning."

It was the Inspector who came, the Inspector Craddock whom Miss Marple remembered. He greeted Bunch with a smile as an old friend.

"Grime in Chipping Cleghorn again," he said cheerfully. "You don't lack for sensation here, do you, Mrs. Harmon?"

"I could do with rather less," said Bunch. "Have you come to ask me questions or are you going to tell me things for a change?"

"I'll tell you some things first," said the Inspector. "To begin with, Mr. and Mrs. Eccles have been having an eye kept on them for some time. There's reason to believe they've been connected with several robberies in this part of the world. For another thing, although Mrs. Eccles has a brother called Sandbourne, who has recently come back from abroad, the man you found dying in the church yesterday was definitely not Sandbourne."

"I knew that he wasn't," said Bunch. "His name was Walter, not William."

The Inspector nodded. "His name was Walter St. John, and he escaped forty-eight hours ago from Charrington Prison."

"Of course," said Bunch softly to herself, "he was being hunted down by the law, and he took sanctuary." Then she asked, "What had he done?"

"I'll have to go back rather a long way. It's a complicated story. Several years ago there was a certain dancer doing turns at the music halls. She specialised in an Arabian Night turn, 'Aladdin in the Cave of Jewels' it was called. She wore bits of rhinestone and not much else."

"She wasn't much of a dancer, I believe, but she was—well—attractive. Anyway, a certain Asiatic royalty fell for her in a big way. Among other things he gave her a very magnificent emerald necklace."

"The historic jewels of a Rajah?" murmured Bunch. Inspector Craddock coughed. "Well, a rather more modern version, Mrs. Harmon. The affair didn't last very long, broke up when our potentate's attention was captured by a certain film star whose demands were not quite so modest."

"Zobeida, to give the dancer her stage name, hung on to the necklace, and in due course it was stolen. It disappeared from her dressing-room at the theatre, and there was a lingering suspicion in the minds of the authorities that she herself might have engineered its disappearance."

"The necklace was never recovered, but during the course of the investigation the attention of the police was drawn to this man, Walter St. John. He was a man of education and

breeding who had come down in the world, and who was employed as a working jeweller with a rather obscure firm which was suspected as acting as a fence for jewel robberies."

"There was evidence that this necklace had passed through his hands. It was, however, in connection with the theft of some other jewellery that he was finally brought to trial and convicted and sent to prison. He had not very much longer to serve, so his escape was rather a surprise."

"But why did he come here?" asked Bunch.

"We'd like to know that very much, Mrs. Harmon. Following up his trail, it seems that he went first to London. He didn't visit any of his old associates, but he visited an elderly woman, a Mrs. Jacobs who had formerly been a theatrical dresser. She won't say a word of what he came for, but according to other lodgers in the house he left carrying a suitcase."

"I see," said Bunch. "He left it in the cloakroom at Paddington and then he came here."

"By that time," said Inspector Craddock, "Eccles and the man who calls himself Edwin Moss were on his trail. They wanted that suitcase. They saw him get on the bus. They must have driven out in a car ahead of him and been waiting for him when he left the bus."

"And he was murdered?" said Bunch.

"Yes," said Craddock. "He was shot. It was Eccles' revolver, but I rather fancy it was Moss who did the shooting. Now, Mrs. Harmon, what we want to know is, where is the suitcase that Walter St. John actually deposited at Paddington Station?"

Bunch grinned. "I expect Aunt Jane's got it by now," she said. "Miss Marple, I mean. That was her plan. She sent a former maid of hers with a suitcase packed with her things to the cloakroom at Paddington and we exchanged tickets. I collected her suitcase and brought it down by train. She seemed to expect that an attempt would be made to get it from me."

It was Inspector Craddock's turn to grin. "So she said when she rang up. I'm driving up to London to see her. Do you want to come, too, Mrs. Harmon?"

"Well," said Bunch, considering. "I had a toothache last night so I ought to go to London to see the dentist, oughtn't I?"

"Definitely," said Inspector Craddock.

Miss Marple looked from Inspector Craddock's face to the eager face of Bunch Harmon. The suitcase lay on the table.

"Of course, I haven't opened it," the old lady said. "I wouldn't dream of doing such a thing till somebody official arrived. Besides," she added mischievously "it's locked."

"Like to make a guess at what's inside, Miss Marple?" asked the Inspector.

"I should imagine, you know," said Miss Marple, "that it would be Zobeida's theatrical costumes. Would you like a chisel, Inspector?"

The chisel soon did its work. Both women gave a slight gasp as the lid flew up. The sunlight coming through the window lit up what seemed like an inexhaustible treasure of sparkling jewels, red, blue, green, orange.

"Aladdin's Cave," said Miss Marple. "The flashing jewels the girl wore to dance."

"Ah," said Inspector Craddock. "Now, what's so precious about it, do you think,

that a man was murdered to get hold of it?"

"She was a shrewd girl, I expect," said Miss Marple thoughtfully. "She's dead, isn't she, Inspector?"

"Yes, died three years ago."

"She had this valuable emerald necklace," said Miss Marple, musingly. "Had the stones taken out of their setting and fastened here and there on her theatrical costume, where everyone would take them for merely colored rhinestones. Then she had a replica made of the real necklace, and that, of course, was what was stolen. No wonder it never came on the market. The thief soon discovered the stones were false."

"Here is an envelope," said Bunch.

Inspector Craddock took it from her and extracted two official-looking papers from it. He read aloud: "Marriage certificate between Walter Edmund St. John and Mary Moss, Zobeida's real name."

"So they were married," said Miss Marple. "I see."

"What's the other?" asked Bunch.

"A birth certificate of a daughter, Jewel."

"Jewel?" cried Bunch. "Why, of course, Jewel! Jill! That's it. I see now why he came to Chipping Cleghorn. That's what he was trying to say to me. Jewel. The Mundys, you know. Laburnum Cottage. They look after a little girl for someone. They're devoted to her. Yes, I remember now, her name was Jewel, only, of course, they call her Jill."

"Mrs. Mundy had a stroke about a week ago, and the old man's been very ill with pneumonia. I've been trying hard to find a good home for Jill somewhere. I didn't want her taken away to an institution."

"I suppose her father heard about it in prison and he managed to break away and get hold of this suitcase from the old dresser he or his wife left it with. I suppose if the jewels belonged to her mother, they can be used for the child now."

"I should imagine so, Mrs. Harmon. If they're here . . ."

"Oh, they'll be here all right," said Miss Marple cheerfully.

"Thank goodness you're back, dear," said the Reverend Julian Harmon, greeting his wife with affection and a sigh of content. "Mrs. Burt always tries to do her best when you're away, but she really gave me some very peculiar fishcakes for lunch. I didn't want to hurt her feelings, so I gave them to Tiglath Pileser, but even he wouldn't eat them. So I had to throw them out of the window."

"Tiglath Pileser," said Bunch, stroking the Vicarage cat, who was purring against her knee. "Is very particular about what fish he eats. I often tell him he's got a proud stomach."

"And your tooth, dear? Did you have it seen to?"

"Yes," said Bunch. "It didn't hurt much, and I went to see Aunt Jane again, too."

"Dear old thing," said Julian. "I hope she's not failing at all."

"Not in the least," said Bunch, with a grin.

The following morning Bunch took a fresh supply of chrysanthemums to the church. The sun was once more pouring through the east window, and Bunch stood in the jewelled light on the chancel steps. She said very softly under her breath: "Your little girl will be all right. I'll see that she is. I promise."

Then she tidied up the church, slipped into a pew and knelt for a few moments to say her prayers before returning to the Vicarage to attack the piled up chores of two neglected days.

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TO BE CONTINUED



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Mon.	31	3	10	17	24	Mon.	2	7	14	21	28
Tues.	1	4	11	18	25	Tues.	3	8	15	22	29
Wed.	2	5	12	19	26	Wed.	4	9	16	23	30
Thurs.	3	6	13	20	27	Thurs.	5	10	17	24	31
Fri.	4	7	14	21	28	Fri.	6	11	18	25	
Sat.	5	8	15	22	29	Sat.	7	12	19	26	

1955	MARCH					1955	APRIL				
Sun.	1	6	13	20	27	Sun.	1	3	10	17	24
Mon.	2	7	14	21	28	Mon.	2	4	11	18	25
Tues.	3	8	15	22	29	Tues.	3	5	12	19	26
Wed.	4	9	16	23	30	Wed.	4	6	13	20	27
Thurs.	5	10	17	24	31	Thurs.	5	7	14	21	28
Fri.	6	11	18	25		Fri.	6	8	15	22	29
Sat.	7	12	19	26		Sat.	7	9	16	23	30

1955	MAY					1955	JUNE				
Sun.	1	8	15	22	29	Sun.	1	5	12	19	26
Mon.	2	9	16	23	30	Mon.	2	6	13	20	27
Tues.	3	10	17	24	31	Tues.	3	7	14	21	28
Wed.	4	11	18	25		Wed.	4	8	15	22	29
Thurs.	5	12	19	26		Thurs.	5	9	16	23	30
Fri.	6	13	20	27		Fri.	6	10	17	24	
Sat.	7	14	21	28		Sat.	7	11	18	25	

1955	JULY					1955	AUGUST				
Sun.	31	3	10	17	24	Sun.	1	7	14	21	28
Mon.	1	4	11	18	25	Mon.	2	8	15	22	29
Tues.	2	5	12	19	26	Tues.	3	9	16	23	30
Wed.	3	6	13	20	27	Wed.	4	10	17	24	31
Thurs.	4	7	14	21	28	Thurs.	5	11	18	25	
Fri.	5	8	15	22	29	Fri.	6	12	19	26	
Sat.	6	9	16	23	30	Sat.	7	13	20	27	

1955	SEPTEMBER					1955	OCTOBER				
Sun.	1	4	11	18	25	Sun.	30	2	9	16	23
Mon.	2	5	12	19	26	Mon.	31	3	10	17	24
Tues.	3	6	13	20	27	Tues.	1	4	11	18	25
Wed.	4	7	14	21	28	Wed.	2	5	12	19	26
Thurs.	5	8	15	22	29	Thurs.	3	6	13	20	27
Fri.	6	9	16	23	30	Fri.	4	7	14	21	28
Sat.	7	10	17	24		Sat.	5	8	15	22	29

1955	NOVEMBER					1955	DECEMBER				
Sun.	1	6	13	20	27	Sun.	1	4	11	18	25
Mon.	2	7	14	21	28	Mon.	2	5	12	19	26
Tues.	3	8	15	22	29	Tues.	3	6	13	20	27
Wed.	4	9	16	23	30	Wed.	4	7	14	21	28
Thurs.	5	10	17	24		Thurs.	5	8	15	22	29
Fri.	6	11	18	25		Fri.	6	9	16	23	30
Sat.	7	12	19	26		Sat.	7	10	17	24	31

## **PUBLIC HOLIDAYS, 1955**

New Year's Day	1st January	Foundation Day (W.A.)	6th June
Australia Day	31st January	Queen's Birthday (N.S.W. and Qld.)	date to be proclaimed
Labor Day (W.A.)	7th March	6-Hour Day (N.S.W.)	3rd October
Good Friday	8th April	Queen's Birthday (W.A.)	date to be proclaimed
Easter Saturday	9th April	Christmas Day	25th December
Easter Monday	11th April	Boxing Day	26th December
Anzac Day	25th April		
Labor Day (Qld.)	2nd May		